

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

NOVEMBER 28, 1936

WHO'S WHO

JOHN LAFARGE was drafted for service as an Associate Editor in August, 1926. For fifteen years previously, he had labored as a missionary in oldest Maryland. There he learned to love the Negroes and the Slavs, the farm and the farmers. His earlier education was at Harvard and at Innsbruck, Austria. His hobbies are languages and conventions. His echo is the Pilgrim. He himself is preeminently a philosopher, though his family is famous in the arts and creative literature. . . . HENRY WATTS lays claim to "birth near a London gas works." He was formerly of Caldey Abbey, South Wales, and entered the Catholic Church in 1913. Coming to the United States shortly afterward, he acted as secretary to Joyce Kilmer; and they were two of a kind. He is now Staff Librarian. . . . As noted last week, HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER was in Barcelona until this month. When the war began, he assisted in the American Consulate General. . . . Until his recent assumption of the Managing Editorship, ALBERT I. WHELAN was Dean of San Francisco University. . . . After studying his subject in special courses in Rome, LEO A. CULLUM is experiencing it actually, for his article arrives from Balintawak, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I.

BOOK SUPPLEMENT in eight pages will accompany the regular AMERICA issue next week. . . . From the survey thus offered, suitable Christmas gifts may be suggested. . . . Articles on literature and arts will be contributed by Thomas F. Woodlock, Emmet Lavery and Dr. James J. Walsh.

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COMMENT

POOR Richard Reid was embarrassed almost beyond endurance when the Laetare Medal was forced on him by Notre Dame University. He suffered greatly when the Laymen's Association of Georgia made him the hero of their Convention this month. He was quite shocked when the editors of the *Augusta Chronicle* and the *Augusta Herald* commandeered his *Bulletin* for a Special Laetare Medal Issue, and filled its twenty-four pages with tributes to him from prominent Catholics and non-Catholics of Georgia and the whole United States. The total effect proved that Richard Reid was one of the most highly respected young Catholics in the country, and one of the most beloved. Poor Richard, however, was most uncomfortable. Therein is the secret. His profound humility, his utter honesty, his unflagging generosity are the qualities which have made him worthy of all the honors bestowed upon him.

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WERE the sixth annual conference of Mayors, opened on November 16 in Washington, D. C., to have disbanded without further action, it had justified itself by placing upon record the vigorous utterances of Lewis J. Valentine, Police Commissioner of New York City and J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation, with regard to political racketeers. "You can have," said Mr. Valentine, "the most courageous, intelligent and best trained force of men—the most modern equipment—an honest, capable chief or commissioner—an outstanding executive leader—but unless that bigamous marriage of unscrupulous political connivance and skulduggery and the Police Department is definitely and without compromise divorced, you cannot even hope to have the merest semblance of an efficient, loyal, or honest police administration." There is no more sinister force, said Mr. Hoover, than the 3,500,000 persons engaged in a concerted effort to wreck the fundamentals of security through an amazing series of felonies at the rate of one every twenty seconds. Unfortunately, he said, the enemy are all too often embodied in the person of political renegades who work only for personal gain and criminally capitalize upon our need of security. Upon the racketeers these words will make no impression. Whether the sentiment conveyed in them can be made to effect an impression rests with the consciences of those who elect the politicians.

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PLEADING more than a year ago the cause of Catholic schools before the State Legislature, the Catholic Bishops of Ohio warned against the heavy burden that the State and the municipalities would have to assume were parish-school children thrown

back on the public schools. Now tables are oddly turned. According to the N.C.J.C. News Service, religious and social agencies in the town of Springfield, Ohio, are organizing special activities in the interests of 12,300 school children who were locked out of their class rooms on November 6 when the Springfield Board of Education found itself without funds for continued operation of the schools and voted four to one to call a local moratorium on public education. So far no means has been found for sending the 12,300 children back to school and restoring the 381 teachers to their positions. In the meanwhile religious education, presumably for the non-Catholic children, is being offered daily in the Church of God on Hillside Avenue and in the Calvary Baptist Church under the direction of the pastor, the Rev. Harry Manning. Boys' work is being promoted in the local Y.M.C.A., and facilities of the Y.W.C.A. have been opened to the school girls. If the religious agencies in Ohio or any other State are obliged to come to the educational rescue of the children when the tax-paid school systems are unable to carry on their job, it is only reasonable not to ignore the religious agencies of whatever denomination when they ask that when funds are at hand the State provide support for the type of education which religious taxpayers desire for their youth. Such an education recognizes those spiritual needs which during this strange interlude Springfield's ministers and philanthropists are endeavoring to supply.

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PSYCHOLOGISTS were given a rude jolt the other day in one of the New York courts, when young James Sullivan, seventeen years old, convicted of the murder of a store-keeper and sentenced to the electric chair, refused to accept their defense of him as being a mental defective. Young Sullivan declared he was "just bad," that he had failed to obey his parents' moral counsel and example, had neglected his prayers and his church, and that no one was to blame for what he had done except himself. The court was astounded at the spectacle of this young malefactor arising to thank the judge and the jury for the verdict they had rendered against him. "I don't see how they could have done anything else," he said. "I am as guilty as Hell, and nobody knows it more than myself." Despite one's horror at the thought of a young man, wayward enough at the age of seventeen to whittle down an Indian club and break the head of a defenseless store-keeper for a handful of money, one cannot refrain from admiring the refreshing honesty and intellectual integrity of this poor boy in the face of his crime. Many might think he would do a great service to society by cry-babbling out of his guilt under the tutelage of an expert alienist.

All he needed to do was to act stupidly and tell a few cowardly lies. Society would then, forsooth, be relieved of the embarrassment of knowing that wickedness can exist and that young men can really and freely commit sin. The harm that young Sullivan has done in killing another man, he cannot undo. The retribution must be left to God. But having done one harm, to his honor be it said that he would not do another: that of facing society with a problem which, if it is settled the way the behaviorists would settle it, will ultimately destroy all civilization by turning every citizen into an irresponsible person. Jimmy Sullivan has at least called attention in a straightforward manner to the responsibility of sin. We wish him God's and his neighbor's forgiveness, and a brave death.

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SPANISH affairs in the world of politics are daily engrossing the attention of diplomatists more forceably. As a nation Spain has been very insignificant in European concerns for several hundred years, except perhaps for her gallant stand against the imperial aspirations and aggressions of Napoleon. Today she is occupying the limelight. The attention of European States is focused upon the outcome of her Civil War. Here destiny seems intimately intertwined with the policies of at least four other nations and she is the cause of wrinking foreheads and deep concern to not a few others. At any time she may discharge the spark that will set all Europe aflame. General Francisco Franco with more than half of the country under his control is hammering at the gates of Madrid, and once established there will demand recognition for his government. This question of recognition is a particularly perplexing problem to Great Britain and France. It was an almost foregone conclusion that Italy and Germany would recognize the Nationalist Government the moment that General Franco had reached Madrid. Portugal had already done so. Soviet Russia on the other hand has definitely sided with the Leftists, when her ambassador, Marcel Rosenberg, left Madrid to join Largo Caballero's cabinet in Valencia. Present indications point to the ultimate occupation of Madrid by Franco's troops. Whether France and Great Britain can keep the Soviet Government from direct intervention is hard to forecast.

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ERASMUS of Rotterdam, the fourth centenary of whose death is celebrated this year, receives a more equitable, if somewhat deflated, appraisal from the pen of the judicious critic than was possible before the appearance of recent studies. His true place seems to be between the extravagant eulogies of the admirer who sees in him a progressive scholar hobbled by an archaic medievalism, and the "simplist" who recognizes in the sixteenth century humanist a sickly old epicure, a disillusioned monk, who vented his spleen in his writings, was anxious to remain an ecclesiastic yet avail of the exemptions and independence of a man of the world. There was enough to criticize in the lives of church-

men as well as in the education of his day. It was a century of decline from what made the thirteenth century great. But though dedicated to the humane studies there was little of humaneness in the basilisk bite and vitriolic pen of Erasmus. Fortunately for his fame, his name will be linked for future ages with another scholar, his friend whom he could not but admire. The two men had a like objective, but in all else the similarity ceased. The sage of Chelsea, who lived a monk's life in the world at court, overshadows the scholar of Rotterdam who left his monastery to partake of the sweets of the world and grow gray in the adulation of admirers. The effect that the news of More's execution had on Erasmus is one of the tragedies of history. The shilly-shallying of the man who even then was the recipient of the largesse of More's enemies was dealt a deadly blow. Today the shortsighted critic salutes Erasmus as the first modern man of letters. A higher voice salutes his friend and patron as a *man*, when heroes are rare.

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BOSTON'S Chapter of the Catholic Poetry Society of America is sponsoring a project for next summer which ought to prove interesting. It should be called, we suppose, an experiment, and, therefore, according to the cliché, "an interesting experiment." These Boston poets have rented an island, Clark's Island, in Plymouth Harbor, Massachusetts, where they intend to establish an artists' colony, much after the manner of the MacDowell Colony in Peterborough, N. H. The difference between the MacDowellists and the Clark Islanders is this: the latter are poor, are not endowed, are not as yet famous, and are exclusively Catholic in interests. Miss Sarah Wingate Taylor, 312 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass., Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, sends an introductory circular announcing the details of the project which contains exciting and adventuresome data. "Life will be simple," warns Miss Taylor, "travel is by footpath, lighting by candles, there are no telephones and the water is drawn from a well. It must be clearly understood that the place (an old colonial farmhouse with capacity for a dozen persons at a time) is neither a hotel nor a sanitarium: the men will be expected to cooperate in carrying water and chopping wood, the girls in setting table and drying dishes. Suitable chaperonage, when not included within the group, is assured. For the first season at least it will be necessary for the colonists to bring their own blankets, sheets and towels. A cook will be provided. A spiritual director will be in residence to say Mass. The fee to cover all expenses on the Island is set at \$18 per week per person." So far, so good. For the first two or three seasons there is bound to be the unavoidable element of "stunting" in such an undertaking. All Catholic projects, begun humbly, must pass through the pioneer stage. But if the Boston poets are as determined as we think they are, and as resourceful in this as they have been in other enterprises, it may well happen that Clark's Island may flourish into a real center for Catholic associations and Catholic creative work.

DEADLOCK GRIPS THE WATERFRONTS

Arbitration fails in San Francisco

ALBERT I. WHELAN, S.J.

TRANSPORTATION experts all over the country commented on the very notable increase in both railroad and steamship traffic during the past year. One railroad authority went so far as to state that traffic was the heaviest in rail transportation since 1913. We are not familiar enough with the actual figures to offer this as a substantiated fact. But it is a fact that thousands of people seemed to have money enough this year to travel, and quite naturally the peak was reached during the Summer months.

The steamship companies, especially, enjoyed a profitable summer season. As a matter of fact the shipping interests have had their "biggest year" in almost a decade. Passenger lists were booked to capacity months in advance and thousands of people who had planned a summer cruise were doomed to disappointment. There were not enough ships nor accommodations on the ships to take care of the demand. The increase in the amount of freight carried was such as to indicate a satisfying step toward normalcy, something the shipping interest had not enjoyed in many a long day.

This indication of prosperity, however, does not mean that the water transportation companies have been able to cancel their indebtedness; that they have ceased to use red ink at the end of each month and are now writing figures in the credit column. They are far from that stage as yet. The long lean years they have barely been able to weather are not so easily wiped out, and certainly not in one summer season. Most of them have an indebtedness amounting to millions of dollars. For years they were unable to meet their interest and not a few were in serious danger of crashing, as some in fact did. It is true that steamship men were quite hopeful this summer, but it was because they were just beginning to see light. The future looked bright.

Whether this enormous increase in traffic on the steamship lines has had any direct bearing on the present Waterfront strike, which originated in San Francisco and has spread to the Eastern coast, is hard to answer definitely. There is hardly any doubt that it had some effect. A ship's officer, who knows seamen well on the Pacific Coast and enjoys the confidence of the men who work under him, remarked several months ago that the sight of thou-

sands of passengers lavishly spending money on sea voyages, which the companies were profiting by and the workingmen were not, was not passing unobserved by the workers on the ships and docks. He surmised that this increase in profits would have to be reckoned with eventually, when the agreements that had been signed by the companies and the workers after the strike in 1934 had expired. At that time the companies had pleaded their inability to meet the advances of money and the shortening of hours which the workers' demands entailed. They could not, argued the worker, plead so any longer.

On September 30 contracts with seamen and longshoremen ended. It was an almost foregone conclusion that a strike was unavoidable. In reality the strike of 1934 was never settled. Rather temporary compromises were put on a provisional basis for a period of two years. The crux of the dispute was the question of the "hiring halls." These are nothing more than employment agencies through which the companies sign on crews to man the ships, or gangs to work their cargoes. Each side of the controversy claimed the exclusive right to the control over them, but by the decision of the Board of Arbitration in 1934 they were to be operated conjointly.

Previous to the disastrous strike of two years ago an emigrant seaman from Australia, Harry Bridges, had wrested control over the International Longshoremen's Association on the Pacific Coast from the older and more conservative leaders. It was he who directed the strikers in the conflict of 1934, and longshoremen in the San Francisco Bay area attribute whatever concessions they gained at that time to his stubborn tenacity. He is essentially a labor agitator and remarked once to a member of the San Francisco Police department that when he had obtained all the demands he insisted on, he would still ask for more. From his own assertions he stands for labor strife. He is not directly associated with Communist circles, but certainly the tactics he employs are those commonly indulged in by Red agitators.

During the past two years Bridges has strengthened his control by effecting a combination of seven unions into one association, known as the Maritime

Federation of the Pacific. Together with Harry Lundeberg, the head of the Sailors' Union, Bridges managed to keep the industry on an uneasy seat by an endless series of localized strikes, known as "job action" and "quickie" strikes, which not unfrequently tied up vessels on the eve of scheduled departure and caused no end of embarrassment, financial and otherwise, to the owners.

When negotiations opened between employers and workers for the renewal of contracts, the exasperated shipping interests insisted that the method in operation of employing the men through the existing "hiring halls" was impractical and could be no longer tolerated owing to the impossibility of disciplining the refractory elements who were fomenting these "job action" strikes, which had pestered and seriously handicapped them during this entire period. They offered as a compromise that the halls be placed under neutral control.

The Unions replied by a list of counterdemands that obviously settled all possibility of reaching an agreement. These demands were: preferential union hiring; cash instead of time off for overtime at sea; an eight hour day for officers, cooks and stewards on shipboard; a reduction in the size and weight of the sling loads that longshoremen and seamen were obliged to handle; control of the hiring halls; and finally that all conditions be made retroactive to the date of expiration of all former agreements. It is quite evident that all these demands could not and would not be met by the owners, and the strike was inevitable.

On October 29 West Coast seamen and longshoremen quit work and a general Waterfront strike on the Pacific Coast was in progress. It soon spread sympathetically to the workers in warehouses and cold storage plants, to some of the workers in shipbuilding plants in San Francisco, and then to Atlantic and Gulf port seamen. The strike along the Eastern seaboard has only extended to the "rank-and-file" seamen, a group of independents in the Seamen's Union dominated by New York's recurrent mutineer, Joseph Curran. The magnitude of the strike can be judged from the fact that no less than 55,000 men have laid off work and over three hundred vessels are tied up in American ports. Shipping movement is completely paralyzed on the Pacific Coast. The center of the disturbance is San Francisco, where conditions owing to the sympathetic strike of warehousemen have reached a critical pass. Certain foodstuffs of a perishable variety, such as butter, cheese, and eggs, were tied up in cold storage plants, thus causing considerable inconvenience to the public at large.

Employers and employees, meanwhile, stand firmly upon their asserted rights and to date efforts of Assistant Secretary of Labor Edward McGrady and Admiral Harry Hamlet of the new Maritime Commission toward amicable settlement have been fruitless. On the one hand the employers insist that arbitration is impossible in view of the Unions' attitude that certain points in their demands are not open for discussion. The employees on the other hand feel that arbitration will almost certainly invite retreat from their position to which they have

pledged themselves. Besides they are fearful of their interests being betrayed, as they claim has sometimes happened when their pledged delegates were invited to sit at the conference table to discuss terms.

As in every dispute of this nature it would seem that there are grievances on both sides and mutual concessions are in order. Cash overtime for seamen instead of time off would seem to be a legitimate claim. The working man is not averse to spending more hours of labor when he is adequately compensated for his work. There is none of them who cannot make good use of a few extra dollars in his pay check. It is a stimulus and inducement to work, and cheerily. To be laid off because of overtime has the effect of making him disgruntled. So, too, in the question of the eight-hour day for ship's officers, cooks and stewards there would seem to be justice in the demand, since this has become a recognized standard day's labor whether in the office, mine or mill. The question of the sling loads is not of importance, as it is readily open to mutual adjustment.

The situation then revolves about the vital question of the hiring halls. The attitude of the shipping interests has already been stated. The objection on the part of the Unions is that the movement on the part of the companies to control these agencies is aimed directly at the unions themselves with the object of eventually breaking them completely and thus effecting an "open shop."

The strike at this particular time is most unfortunate from the standpoint of the nation's shipping program and is seriously hampering the objectives proposed in the Merchant Marine Act of 1936. As the strike progresses valuable cargoes are being diverted to foreign carriers and the losses to the shipping interests of this country and to the nation's prosperity as a whole are inestimable.

Complete submission to a neutral board of arbitration is the only possible solution to the mess. A fight to the finish would be disastrous to all parties concerned and more especially to the general public. The shipping interests must recognize the right of the worker to "collective bargaining," such as can be had only through the union of workers, as the only weapon at his disposal to protect himself against conditions that sometimes amount to virtual slavery. Naturally, concessions on the question of the manner of hiring employees would appear to be the only solution. A neutral control over these hiring halls would seem to be feasible and certainly worthy of consideration and even trial. Then, too, there is an obligation in conscience for both parties to a contract to adhere strictly to the spirit of the terms of an agreement and not merely the letter, and here there is room for self-examination and perhaps even correction, if any permanent settlement is to be expected. Above all in these days when Communism is rife, the workers should give deep consideration to the leanings and tendencies of their leaders. We are far from asserting that the strike is of Communistic origin, but we do not hesitate to affirm that Communists have not missed the opportunity to become embroiled in this their favorite pastime, class struggle.

MISSIOLOGY IS NOTHING NEW

Scientific study helps active labor

LEO A. CULLUM, S.J.

YOUR active missionary is very likely to look upon missiology with the same suspicious askance that a dirt farmer bestows upon agronomy. He is inclined to think of it as of a statistical Utopia inhabited by a fatuous few who solve the world's problems with footnotes. It is well, therefore, in view of this inauspicious auditory to preface what we are about to say with the words spoken by the present Pontiff at the opening of the Lateran Exposition in 1925:

We live in times when it is clear that the heroism which is inseparable from the missionary life, if taken alone, is not enough. Experience does not suffice to assure a successful apostolate. If one wishes to gather the full fruit of his sacrifice and labor, he has to seek from science the light by which to discover the most direct ways and most efficacious means.

Missiology may be defined briefly as the critical and systematic study of the spread of Christianity. It includes, first, doctrinal missiology which concerns itself with the laws that govern missionary endeavor and, as such, includes all the branches of theology in so far as they touch the missions. Secondly, it embraces what has been called missionography or descriptive missiology, that is, the history of the missions and of missionaries, geography and statistics. In addition, there are innumerable auxiliary sciences which cannot be omitted from a complete picture of missiology: ethnology, colonial law, political history of mission countries, languages, literatures and philosophical systems.

This sounds very formidable but it is not something new. Just as every man is a philosopher, so every missionary is a missiologist. No reasonable man engages in a work for any length of time without formulating principles, systematizing his endeavors, generalizing from his successes and failures. In recent years men have undertaken to discuss the problems somewhat more explicitly, to gather these private missiologies into a system, to emphasize and publicize the good qualities discovered in each, and to point out and criticize the weakness detected. It is only here that the newness lies, not in the fundamental idea. Missiology is as old as the missions; the greater systematization and generalization are more recent.

We need missiology because the success of our

work as missionaries depends upon it. That may sound like a bold statement in view of the lives of men like Saint Paul, Saint Francis Xavier, Saint Isaac Jogues, but if properly understood it will be seen to be true. Paul, Xavier and Jogues never heard the word missiology but they were missiologists. They possessed a mission theory upon which they based their activity. What was true of them is true of every missionary; and at least that measure of missiology is necessary to have any success at all. But, as the Holy Father pointed out, something more is needed if we are to achieve a maximum efficiency.

If we consider the missionary activity of our Catholic priests and people, we see that it proceeds from Faith as a principle. The ultimate reason which priest and layman would give for interest in the missions is that Christ revealed the eminent worthiness of this work. It is the dogma of the catholicity of the Church. From this it is clear that we possess the same reasons for formulating a missiology as we do for formulating a theology. To say that these reasons are cogent is to utter a truism. How is this need to be met? It is clear that the first place where missiology must be inculcated is the seminary. If the priests imbibe there a scientific knowledge of the missions, the problem of disseminating correct ideas from the pulpit, class room and press will be solved. Every priest need not be a specialist in mission science. It merely means that the seminarians will learn that there is such a thing as a science of the missions.

In regard to the press, perhaps the first need is the establishment of a review. There are in existence today four missiological reviews, two German, one French, and one Italian. There are, of course, excellent specialized publications which treat auxiliary branches. Such for example are *Anthropos* and *En Terre d'Islam*. But there is not one such Catholic review in the English language. And this despite the fact that English is the principal mission language of the world.

Missiology would not bring much money to the missions, at least at first, but it would bring men and it would bring method, efficiency, uniformity, stability and understanding. It is far sighted. It looks far behind and far ahead.

THE NEW DEAL AFTER THE LANDSLIDE

There is need for Catholic social planning

JOHN LaFARGE, S.J.

FOR the next six months we shall be generously provided with explanations as to why forty-six States of the Union failed to follow the example of Maine and Vermont. Our British brethren are profoundly impressed that the American people found it possible to express their will and confer such tremendous power on one individual without the European apparatus of violent coercion of public opinion, indeed with eighty per cent of the press of the nation, aided by a legion of cartoonists and radio artists, striving by might and main to convince the American people that their liberties, lives, and civilization were at stake. The analysts will be at hand to demonstrate how skilfully the vote was lined up; whether New Deal bounty or campaign skill or personal popularity of the successful candidate should receive the major share of credit.

This analysis will explain everything in detail but it may still not explain this cosmic event, for the simple reason that the 1936 landslide was due not to merely national but to world causes. Without attempting to philosophize or dogmatize as to what others ought to think, I confess my own utter inability to see any adequate explanation of the electoral typhoon without taking into account the irresistible desire on the part of the rank and file of the people in every country of the modern world, including our own country, for governmental intervention through the agency of social legislation.

For millions who voted for it, the New Deal became a symbol of relief from distress for themselves as well as for their neighbors. Farmers cashed checks for soil conservation when AAA had failed. Labor forgot what had happened to Section 7a and looked to the NLRB. It roused a sense of the heroic. In a Western agricultural college an aged and invalided professor emeritus warned that "every moment might be his next," led his helpers last winter through towering snowdrifts at forty below zero to cooperate with the Government cattle-purchasing program. It was a symbol not of relief only but of opportunity. And the country, rightly or wrongly, has come to see opportunity largely as a matter of adequate social legislation.

Socialism and Communism may have aided this trend of the age; yet Socialists and Communists rather responded to it. Their leaders were quick to

discern the signs of the times in order to exploit their own doctrines. For this almost messianic expectation of opportunity of adequate justice for the individual, through governmental aid or social legislation, which so profoundly influenced the recent election, there appear to be two quite different causes, one of which is downward, toward moral and social decay, the other upward, towards the ideal envisioned by Christianity itself. And these two causes are interwoven so subtly in the psychology of the age that none but very clear thinking can separate them.

The downward tendency is that so biting described in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October. It is to be hoped that the warnings there uttered from without the New Deal fold will be repeated now from within where they will more likely be listened to. A familiar attitude blights every highly organized civilization, considering society as under obligations to the individual. Whether that society be city, State, or Federal, whether it be public agency or private charity, makes little difference. Society owes me a degree for the minimum of work that I do in school; owes me a living for the minimum of labor that I bring myself to tolerate; owes me all I can get out of it and when I have got out of it all I can remains my enemy.

I congratulated a country pastor out in Montana on the magnificent supply of fine dry firewood he was obtaining from the surrounding forests; for I have a weakness for wood fires, even in a tin stove. "Plenty of wood," he replied; "but who is going to cut it? My able-bodied men look to the cash payments they receive from the Government; they buy their fuel with that and would never dream of cutting any more wood themselves."

Naturally they ought to know better. Have we not the noble example of Kaiser Wilhelm himself swinging his axe at Doorn? But when the young fail to see the dignity of wood chopping, it is not always so easy to give a persuasive reason. If the expectant attitude becomes universal, then we do not need the Communists to finish the job of destruction. We shall have put ourselves out of existence as a nation.

More serious than aversion to unskilled toil is reluctance to prepare for skilled jobs. Skilled crafts-

men such as plumbers and carpenters are now practically absent, so I was informed, from at least one of the Northwest's most progressive towns. Speaking on November 17 before the National Conference of Mayors in Washington, D. C., Harry L. Hopkins, Federal WPA Administrator, deplored the shortage of skilled workmen. "Isn't it a terrible indictment to our way of doing things," he exclaimed, "that there are still millions of unemployed, and yet we are hearing repeated forecasts of a shortage in skilled labor? We did not train new craftsmen. . . . If such a shortage develops, ways must be found to train men with the least possible delay. For every possible job is going to count."

But to attribute the urge for social legislation merely to the "gimme" spirit is to commit a gross and delusive error. Whatever accidental impetus may come from selfishness and irresponsibility, the essential motive behind this drive is the consciousness of an actual need. It is the need of a moral instrument to correspond with the tremendous physical and economic developments of our times and the threat these bring to individual security.

Normally, in a completely Christian society, such a moral instrument would be sought through the harmonious collaboration of Church and State. But the tragedy of our times is that we are obliged to seek hastily by secular legislation remedies for grave social evils which can only be partially and imperfectly remedied by purely secular means. The result is that the framing of such legislation offers a happy hunting ground for the professional social planner and for anti-social elements; or it is an instrument for nationalistic aggrandizement as in the Nazi State. Or, if soundly conceived, it can only imperfectly be carried out owing to lack of understanding and cooperation on the part of a thoroughly secularized society, as was the case with certain features of the New Deal, apart from Constitutional difficulties.

"The new state," writes Christopher Dawson in the *London Tablet* for October 24, "is groping its way towards the ideal of a spiritual community, but its ideal is limited by the poverty and barrenness of a culture that has been almost completely secularized. As yet there is no organic relation between the spiritual communism [communalism?] of the Christian Church and the temporal community of the state whether that is regarded as a community of blood and race or as a community of work and leisure."

For Catholics to adopt a policy of decrying social legislation is to set ourselves against an irresistible current, a force that comes not from the conditions in the United States but from the drift of humanity throughout the world. Our task is not to waste useless energy in trying to stem this current but to make it a truly moral instrument for common and lasting good, and not a mere legal mechanism for temporary relief or for the good only of a privileged few.

Up to the present time, the Catholic attitude towards social legislation, State or Federal, has been one chiefly of appraisal of the legislation itself. Sometimes our appraisal is listened to, sometimes it

is ignored; but it is seldom entirely ignored when there is uniform Catholic opinion behind it. Sometimes alarm is expressed over the differences voiced by Catholic spokesmen on questions of social policy. Scandal is taken that, for instance, Msgr. John A. Ryan differs quite emphatically from Father Coughlin as to what may be designated as the *summum bonum politicum*, and dire things are prophesied unless we can all get together at once and in every detail. Well, if the differences become too numerous and basic and vociferous, the Catholic social cause is apt to be weakened. But unless there are some differences, unless some of the main points where disputes are likely to center are dragged out into the open and amicably, but honestly discussed, advance will be slow and in the long run more difficulties are created. After all, the great outlines of social thought contained in the Encyclicals did not grow in silence like a tender flower, but were hammered out in the clash of doctrines and opinions before they were submitted to the tranquil judgment of the See of Peter.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when modern Catholic social thought began timidly to emerge from the intellectual catacombs, the great Lacordaire noted how readily Catholics united on matters more strictly religious, as today we find it fairly easy to unite on matters like the school-bus issue or the Legion of Decency. That social ethics follows a more stormy course is natural enough. However, it still remains true that the more unity we can marshal, the more effective will be our criticism or praise of specific social legislation.

But the task does not end with recommendation, appraisal, and blame. Indeed, it has only begun. As Father Blakely has frequently pointed out in his discussions of the NRA and its kindred acts, the most ingenious social legislation fails because of the unprepared condition of the public mind. Not only is internal moral reform necessary, as is so insisted upon by our Holy Father in his Encyclical on the Reconstruction of the Social Order, but there is need of a vast amount of education as to the general purpose, the value and bearing of any social legislation.

Before any specific measure can achieve its full purpose it is necessary that those who are affected by it, odiously or graciously, as the theologians say, should have a clear idea of the scope of social legislation in general, what may and may not be expected of it, what are its limitations and prerogatives as to the rights of the individual.

To put my thesis in a brief word: the results of the election, with the undoubted drift to social legislation that they manifest, impose upon Catholics—if this legislation is to be a blessing and not a menace—a twofold task: first, conscientious appraisals or recommendations of specific legislative acts; then, a wide wholly non-partisan program of public education, so that a favorable atmosphere may be created for the originating as well as the execution of sound legislation, an unfavorable atmosphere for such as is destructive and poisonous. How such a program might be carried out will be the subject of a later paper.

TWIN DESPOTS OF SPANISH DEMOCRACY

Barcelona ruined by syndicalist fury

HARRY CHAPIN PLUMMER

OVERNIGHT, Barcelona was plunged into revolution and anarchy, chaos and mass hysteria. On Saturday evening, July 18, it was a metropolis of vigorous life, animation, order. Boulevards, streets and plazas were brilliantly lighted and well policed. For those not bent on mischief the Cataluña capital was one of the safest of the world's urban centers. Motor-cars, autobuses, trolley-cars bore their hundreds of thousands to dinner and dance, theatre, cinema, café, restaurant, night-club—to all the amusements and diversions of a modern city.

All the churches were open for confession, as likewise the exquisite Gothic cathedral. In each were the quiet, hushed throngs awaiting the Sacrament and the comforting dismissal: "Go thou and sin no more!" Within the confessional sat he who would hear and absolve tonight; who might live to administer the Blessed Eucharist on the morrow, but who, in the vast majority of cases, would die before the Sunday had run its course. Tonight Christianity, civilization (or its counterfeit), with God accorded at least some measure of the fief and homage due Him! Tomorrow, consuming fires, as though in fulfilment of some Old Testament prophecy, slaughter rather than murder, wholesale plunder, darkness, the brink of the abyss—and God and the mention of His Name and the slightest sign of allegiance to Him outlawed under penalty of a hideous death!

My thoughts revert to one church in particular on that mid-July Saturday evening, *la Yglesia de San José*, downtown, at the waterfront end of the *Rambla*. A church corresponding in situation to St. James', in downtown Boston or to old St. Peter's, in Barclay Street, New York. It was best known to modern times as the sanctuary where on Sunday Holy Mass was said at the latest hour of any in the city, 1.30 p.m. And at that hour many a costly limousine or streamlined newest model from the upper reaches of Barcelona, that so resemble our Washington's Northwest District, could be seen parked in front of *San José* or nearby, as their occupants hurried to join the less affluent worshipers, who came, some from dingy by-ways and corners of the *Barrio Chino*, or from the tenement districts on the other side of the *Rambla*.

On that Saturday night, the priest of *San José*

sat in his accustomed confessional and heard many a tale of sin, perchance counseled more than one to resolve to make restitution of funds or valuables appropriated in a moment of temptation. Why split hairs, Reverend Father? Don't you know that tomorrow your confessed, provided he be armed and that he wear the red sleeve-band of that self-appointed dual spokesman for the Government of the Republic, the C. N. T. and the F. A. I., may rob, and it won't be robbery; may slay, and it won't be homicide but the New Liberty!

Seventeen hours have passed since the last confession in *San José*. The early Masses of Sunday have been said, although the beautiful liturgy has been drowned and all but lost in the roar and belch of distant salvos of heavy artillery and the nearer crack of rifle and pistol fire. Those who wait that day for the 1.30 Mass, wait in vain. At that hour the usually crowded *Rambla* is deserted and impassable, and *San José's* ancient wooden doors and iron gates are tight-shut. Soon afterward the aged pastor comes forth from his beloved sanctuary, bearing the Blessed Sacrament. He hastens his enfeebled steps, for bullets are spattering walls and sidewalks. He is allowed to reach the center of the hail-swept *Rambla*. Then there is a crack of rifles and he sinks bleeding to the pavement: his reward for those consoling Masses of that early morning; his reward for those comforting, reassuring words of absolution and forgiveness of the night before. Cries of *Viva la Libertad!* fill the pungent, acrid atmosphere! Fists rise in salute! The yelling, maddened horde, torch-bearing, gasoline-provided, armed with revolver or rifle, rush into the temple whose custodian for many years has just quit it to enter eternity. An hour or two later *San José* is a smoking shell of blackened stone, charred wooden doors, and iron gates twisted by the flames.

San José is forgotten by its destroyers who charge across the *Rambla* and head northward through narrow streets and alleys to the beautiful Basilica of *Santa María del Mar*—*Santa María del Mar*, completed in the Twelfth Century and in that epoch of inspiration diademed with stained-glass windows all but rivaling Rheims; haven too, of priceless examples of the early Catalan school of painting. Another half hour and it, too, like *San*

José, is a blackened, smoking shell. To complete and culminate the shame of this most shameful day, the diagonally divided flag of Anarcho-Syndicalism, of the C. N. T. and F. A. I., on both temples, flaunts its red-and-black folds to the Mediterranean breezes beneath the still standing Cross of Christ!

Be it said to the everlasting credit of the Government of Cataluña that, with its authority riddled and ridiculed by the C. N. T.-F. A. I. forces that had all but completely usurped it on the night of July 18, the Cathedral was accorded a remnant of police protection against the devastating mob, while the Bishop of Barcelona, with some of his staff, was spirited from the adjacent Episcopal Palace and accorded safe conduct out of the country. By the same inspirational guidance, the glorious Benedictine Abbey and Basilica, crowning the craggy heights of Montserrat—and famed as the legendary scene of the Temple of the Holy Grail in Wagner's festival music-drama *Parsifal*—were placed under Government protection, to become, a perhaps final haven for President Manuel Azaña, of the Spanish Republic, who has taken official residence there.

No doubt there are those among the readers of this series who, having been acquainted with the progressive mental pollution of the young *pensionistas* by the avowed Anarchist in their midst, are asking now what became of them. Of the twenty-five or more living there, possibly eight might be regarded as having been definitely converted to the new "philosophy" and in the vanguard of those eight was an illiterate who became a true "hero" both in the debauchery and slaughter in town and at the Zaragoza front still later. The octet, as the moment arrived when all restraints of law and authority were being withdrawn by a "benign" government, sought red sleeve-band, pistol and revolver. Bravado, love of the bizarre and the dramatic, a desire to emulate the swaggering lawless characters of the screen, naturally were psychological factors entering into the situation with the less balanced, less resolute of these young fellows. Others accepted passively, but with manifest doubt and misgivings, the crack-brained theories and ideas sweeping like a plague visitation over their hitherto stolid, sensible, order-loving and law-abiding people and race.

Lastly, there was a minority of youths, avowed Catholics, who held Right tendencies politically, because in the Centrist and Conservative elements of their government at Madrid they recognized sure safeguards against the lava-flow of hatred and unbridled passions that was descending upon them. Among these were a few older men and two or three youths who lived up to the finest traditions of their Catalan and Spanish heritage by breasting the volleys of argument, of cajolery, of warped and twisted facts and statistics, and, even as the danger hour approached, held firm to their convictions and to their teachings. Indeed, cavaliers were they in the truest sense of the word!

Of the three elements I have described, however, I believe the position of the second, the passive, the "lukewarm," was the most pathetic. Those to

whose natural savagery, to whose primitive instincts of cruelty the Anarchist preachments readily appealed, at least had a new-found enthusiasm as an impelling factor in whatever subsequent outrages they perpetrated. They at least thought they were re-enacting on Spanish soil the French Revolution. But the majority, those who were but reluctantly half-convinced, who still entertained doubts, soon found that they were caught as so many caged animals awaiting the gas-chamber in a city pound and in a situation scarcely less ignominious. For the eruption caught them unawares and before they knew it, they were raising their fists in the Moscow salutation. With faint ardor they were rushed into the streets to be sickened and stricken by the sights they witnessed, by the foul deeds in which they were unwilling accomplices. They were compelled to acknowledge as *Camarada* the blood-and-fire stained hoodlum who deserved rather the eloquently insulting Spanish designation: *¡Sin Vergüenza!* (Shameless One); had perforce to hail *Salud!* where *Maldito!* (Accursed Be!) would have been at least humanly fitting. And scarcely was the orgy of slaughter, of maiming, of rapine and loot assuaged—the semi-private "executions" and private assassinations continued in varying degrees of open frankness or hidden stealth for three months following the revolt—than the city's newspapers reappeared, regardless of political affiliation or intellectual leaning, under government control and voicing with one accord only the weird outlook and position of the government and its C. N. T.-F. A. I. sponsors. These, reinforced by wall and street posters, began to call for recruits for the "Anti-Fascist Militia," in order that Zaragoza, the key city of Aragón, in the hands of the military, might be taken and that citadel of the heart of Spain fly the red-and-black flag of Anarcho-Syndicalism. "Sunday night we take coffee in Zaragoza!" became the watchword of the bloody week that followed "Red Sunday." And those youths, whether in accord or in disaccord with the bedlam into which they had been precipitated, were the natural prey of the recruiting forces of Anarcho-Syndicalism masking as the legitimate, constituted Government of Spain and of Cataluña!

Some of these stranded youths were so unfortunate as to march off in the first contingent sent in the direction of Zaragoza and which was cut to pieces in its first undisciplined sortie against the highly trained and efficient Spanish Army. Others were caught up in the later rush of another expedition to capture Mallorca from the military, holding and occupying that largest of the Balearic Islands. They, likewise, were decimated, but 1,000 of a force of 3,000 returning to the mainland and the survivors being hurried to Madrid to strengthen the defences of the "Loyalists" there. Of these disasters the press said nothing, while "playing up" and exaggerating in the ultimate degree the occasional casualties suffered by the military in their ensuing engagements with the Anti-Fascist Militia. The capture of a few prisoners became that of an "army"; the seizing of a few guns or field-pieces that of an arsenal.

WITH SCRIP AND STAFF

A GLIMPSE BEHIND THE LEAKAGE

FOR his own part, the Pilgrim is not much given to worry. He is not like the gentleman in the *New Yorker*, whose wife, when they were building a new house, asked the architect to provide her husband with a little room to worry in. Once during the past month, however, he did indulge. It was quite unreasonable, I suppose: merely over some rows of houses he saw out of the car window while passing through one of our good-sized cities. Probably they were no worse than dozens of other such dilapidated rows of dwellings in hundreds of other cities. Only the display was more noticeable than the average, and I saw them before breakfast. Then the Pilgrim happened to recall a few figures about this particular bunch of dwellings. According to a survey made of that particular district in 1929 the average weekly family income for the inhabitants of those ramshackle dwellings was \$29.10; the median monthly rent was \$36.70; the average monthly rent was \$32.76 and thirty-five per cent of the families took in lodgers. On an average, thirty-eight per cent of the total family income went for rent.

The Pilgrim once inquired whether anything had been done to improve this state of things and provide decent housing. He understands that some steps were taken, and some moderate-size projects set on foot. But nothing at all adequate.

Then a couple of weeks later, the Pilgrim read an article from "A Worried Pastor," in *AMERICA* for November 14 whose parish does not lie many miles away from these same rows of houses. And I can testify to that pastor's splendid program of practical charity.

"Worried Pastor" asks: "Can any modern up-to-date city-slicker pastor tell me what to do and how to do it?" Not being a city-slicker pastor I cannot answer that question. But I believe that some old-fashioned rural pastors who scrape the mud off their shoes every time they walk over to the sacristy could offer a couple of comments which would give little comfort to "Worried Pastor," indeed, might accentuate his gloom, yet might help to draw a lesson useful for long-term planning.

Comment No. 1. "Worried Pastor's" parish suffers from a blight over which he has no control, the blight of urbanism. His situation contains nothing unique. Indeed his figures for childless marriages, mixed and invalid and broken marriages are *better* than a good proportion of so-called exemplary city parishes. Certainly he enjoys a relatively high percentage of "Easter duties." The difference in his case is that, on the one hand, he has so relentlessly dug out the truth; on the other, that he

has so heroically labored to eradicate these evils. Like the houses by the railroad tracks, it is a good display to cause worry.

His experience throws a spotlight on the fact so familiar to sociologists who have made a careful study of the rural-urban problem, that an urban population does not tend to reproduce itself after two or three generations. Whatever there is in environmental and occupational conditions that favors remissness in family propagation (and favors the abject delinquency of birth control) crops out more readily in urban than in rural surroundings. "Worried Pastor's" experiences therefore, taken not as peculiar but as typical, are a direct warning that the Church in the United States will become *physically extinct* without a nation-wide active Catholic agrarian program.

Comment No. 2. While souls need to be saved by what devices here and now can be thought of in order to save them, would not some of the time and ingenuity spent upon devising immediate devices for encouraging religious practice be profitably expended upon a wide and deeper study of the relation of the structure of the social community to the practice of the religious life? I am not speaking of merely economic matters in the narrow sense, though there are important. But a problem is offered by the complete divergence of the week-day occupations and ideals of the social community from that communal spirit in the natural order which normally favors the communal supernatural life.

What natural community of feeling and interest, after all, is there between the specialized and highly differentiated groups that make up the human element in this parish? Heroically pastor and curates strive to create such communal life by every educational, charitable, recreational, devotional, liturgical means at their command; and they win great victories over world, flesh, and devil by so combating. But many a poor parson in a prairie parsonage has *naturally* a better start than they have for the achievement of that integral Catholic parish life for which "Worried Pastor's" apostolic heart so ardently longs.

Looking back therefore at those rows of frame flats along the railroad tracks, with their broken windows and disreputable back porches, I think of them as a glaring illustration of the social disharmony that lies behind the comfort and glitter of an urban community which the Church, through its priests, is trying to turn into a bit of the Kingdom of God. The forces that have produced and still tolerate those shacks while not the "cause" of the leakage, are the conditions that favor it. We shall not solve the leakage question until we solve the problem of Catholic communal life.

THE PILGRIM.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN

TWENTY-TWO years ago, many of us were saying: "World-war is so remote that it simply can't happen." Three years later, the recruiting officer was a familiar figure in every street in every village in the United States, and an army of 3,000,000 young Americans was planned for service in France. What simply could not happen, did happen.

The same story might be told of Germany when Hitler organized his forces and precipitated riots in Munich. What his purposes were, we now know fully; but even at that time, many knew them, and dismissed this Hitler as a visionary who would end his career in jail or on a scaffold. That he could overthrow the Government and on its ruins build an engine of tyranny, few thought possible. "It can't happen," said the Bavarians, and Germany echoed the sentence. But it did happen.

Perhaps there is no need to apply the same formula to our own country. It might be better to cite the story of the ostrich who put his head in the sand, chuckling, if an ostrich can chuckle, at the silliness of those who said that an enemy was at hand. There is not a country in the world today, beginning with the United States, in which Communists and other enemies of good government, public order, and religion, are not at work. Usually they wrap themselves in the cloak of liberty, and begin with a sermon on social justice, but their true character soon becomes apparent. In spite of the revelation which quickly comes, we in the United States, at least, seem to take them lightly. Revolutions can be fostered in Russia, Spain, Germany, and Mexico, but we seem to think that we are immune from the operation of the law of causality. In our toleration of Communistic doctrines as taught in our schools and colleges, in newspapers and magazines, and even in some pulpits styled Christian, we carry good nature to imbecility.

At the present time dozens of organizations are spreading Communism in the United States. A few organizations, all of them, it would appear, sponsored by Catholics, are striving to awaken the country to the danger of this foe already within our walls. As the Communists recognize, the great enemy is the Catholic Church; but powerful as the Church is, she cannot undertake the battle alone. She can point out the danger, protect her children against poisonous doctrines, and through the agency of her schools and colleges bring up a generation that will oppose Communism wherever it lifts its head. But Communism is not only a revolt against God. It is also, and by necessary consequence, a revolt against lawful authority in the State.

In all probability, the authority of the State can deal with Communism most successfully by removing the injustices which supply the Communists with texts. We cannot create a new world by legislation, for that can be done only by God's grace working in the hearts of men. But what the State can do, it should do, and as Leo XIII wrote, do "speedily."

EDITOR

ANNUAL PROCLAMATION

THANKSGIVING to God was the original intention of those who set aside November's last Thursday as a day of rest. Would a nationwide poll of all enjoying the use of reason in the United States reveal that fifty per cent think of a prayer of thanks to God on this day? Count out the atheist who acknowledges no God to thank. Count out the agnostic who doubts there may be a God. Count out the materialist who never bothers himself with a thought of God. Count out the lukewarm who forgets God. Necessity there is, then, for Catholics to offer reparative thanks for those who fail.

NEW YORK KNIGHTS LAU

PAST days must be looked to if the Catholic layman hopes to impress the world by parades of numbers or even parades of devotion. He moves today among men who deny the existence of God, the spirituality of the soul, the basic obligations of the moral law as casually as they express an opinion on the winning football team. Unless he can become articulate and give an account of the faith that is in him he will find his own faith impaired while failing to leave any mark upon the thoughts and faith of others.

Recognizing this fact, the New York State Council of the Knights of Columbus has distinguished itself by being the first State Council to inaugurate a complete study club for every local council under its jurisdiction. Last year more than one hundred such study clubs were established of which more than eighty signified their desire to continue in action. Majority opinion appeared to favor uniformity in the study-club field in preference to local selection of topics.

For the season now beginning a broader and more unified program has been proposed. Study clubs will be conducted from November to May, inclusive, twice a month except once only in November and March. It is expected that each club be under the advisement of a competent priest director and combine study with free discussions, meeting for a full hour each time. Membership is to be limited to twenty as absolute maximum, many thinking that ten is a desirable limit. Practising Catholics in good stand-

NO EARTHLY DROSS

RESIDUE of the estate of the late Bishop Turner, of Buffalo, has been bequeathed to the Catholic Charities of the Diocese, a dispatch announces. His will states: "My individual personal property is meager." All the income he received during his lifetime as Bishop, the document relates, he donated to the needs of his Diocese. At the death of a priest or a prelate, nothing edifies more and nothing is more admired than the fact that the priest or the prelate has remained poor during his lifetime, that all he received he distributed. Thus, he meets God with no embarrassment of riches.

ITS LAUNCH STUDY CLUBS

ing in their parishes may be admitted to membership, even if not Knights.

For the first year the program is devoted to the fundamentals: God, religion, Communism's denial of religion, materialistic evolution, the theistic basis of natural rights. The matter is proposed in a series of plain declarations each of which calls for explanations, illustration, and proof. A brief reading list is appended of easily obtainable pamphlets.

From such a course of study the layman derives more than reply to his own needs. It helps to prepare him for a genuine lay apostolate, for Catholic action in the strict sense of the word, where he will not be content with defending his own position but will be able to assist the spiritual needs of millions who are searching for the truth.

An attractive occupation for the clergy, young and old, is offered in the conducting of such study groups. Many a pastor of souls will find his former studies brought to life when he has the opportunity to impart their treasures to studious laymen. If he is the type of pastor whose well-stocked library is open day and night to the men of his parish, all the brighter is the prospect of success.

Experience shows that adult education, religious or secular, fails of its purpose when it issues in mere theory. Action is its natural goal. If the study clubs are to be successful, they will show fruit not alone in knowledge, but in personal goodness combined with disinterested devotion to one's neighbor.

IS USE OF FORCE JUSTIFIED?

CENTURIES before the time of Christ such conflicts were prophesied as are now occurring in Spain: "There is no truth and there is no mercy and there is no knowledge of God in the land. Cursing and lying and killing and theft and adultery have overflowed and blood hath touched blood. Therefore shall the land mourn." (Osee, IV, 2.) Violence and bloodshed are not the only horrors of war. Hate, deceit, sexual crime, slaughter of helpless civilians and in our days floods of poisonous propaganda are let loose the instant war is invoked as a settlement of disputes. Nor is anything gained by minimizing cruelties or idealizing combatants.

In view of the practical impossibility of carrying on even a war of the purest self-defense under modern conditions without being involved in a deluge of moral as well as physical evils, theologians and moralists in our times unequivocally condemn the resort to war against even a manifest aggressor as long as every conceivable means of conciliation and arbitration has not been exhausted. But what of defense against a domestic aggressor?

In the international field it is difficult to find an instance where some court or tribunal or assembly cannot be invoked before resorting to the desperate issue of force. But what is to be done when the aggressor is from within, when the constitutional agencies of a reforming government, bent upon righting the wrongs of the past and duly elected by the people, have been seized by an armed group that has no interest but the subjection of the whole nation to an arbitrary tyranny, destructive of the very foundations of religion and morality? May force be used then to organize military expeditions to resist such usurpation of power; or should Christians bow the head and meekly accept persecution in the hope of conquering violence by love? For there is no tribunal, national or international, to which such civil aggression can be referred.

All doubt as to the identity of the aggressor and the heinousness of his aggression vanishes once violent hands are laid upon the altar of God Himself. In the face of this certain fact the individual can prefer martyrdom to resistance. But is the community of citizens as a body obliged to forego armed defense against a *certain* domestic aggressor because of the excesses to which such armed defense is likely to go? This is the crucial question in the present calamity. "Would Spanish Catholics," asks Father Joseph Keating, S.J., in the *London Month*, "have done better to submit meekly and allow *all* the churches in Spain to be burned, *all* the priests killed or exiled, *all* the religious Orders dispersed, *all* the youth debarred from Christian education, *all* the faithful deprived of the Sacraments and the means of worship?"

With the same writer our answer is no. "So long as humanity is not collected into some super-State and so long as our rulers are themselves not always under the rule of conscience and the moral law, some human quarrels must occur which call for the arbitrament of force."

That the only alternative to complete submission to the will of the domestic aggressor is the setting in motion of the horrors of war is unspeakably deplorable. An arbitrament of bloodshed can be tolerated by Christian consciences not as a joyous crusade but only as the ghastliest of last resorts. In its final analysis, the terrible impasse to which the present conflict has brought us is a proof of the utter helplessness of the international community to solve its common problems without the basis of international justice and international charity founded on Christian principles. These alone can find means to prevent or punish such domestic aggression without the agony of a fratricidal war.

O'NEILL AND STOCKHOLM

RECOGNITION of genius by the Nobel Foundation of Sweden is always top-line news. Particularly is this true in the field of literature. And most emphatically is it first-page news when the recipient is an American. Discussion sparkled and crackled in 1930 when Sinclair Lewis was elevated to the rank of the world's greatest novelist through the award of the Nobel Prize. While fully aware of the incisiveness of Mr. Lewis' strictures on society and while appreciating the quotient of readability in his novels, we failed to find the perennial and universal quality in his writings that would establish him as a master in the higher tradition of literature.

Eugene O'Neill, dramatist, is the recipient for 1936. There remains no doubt in the mind of anyone that since the production of his first full-length drama, *Beyond the Horizon*, in 1920, he has outstripped all other American playwrights, in popular appeal, in inspired technique, in the profundity of the problems he has sought to solve, in seriousness of theme and sincerity of treatment, in the cerebral as well as the pectoral renderings of his created fictions.

He has won a triple recognition from the Pulitzer Prize Committee, and is assured of packed theatres whenever his latest production reaches Broadway as well as of violent conflict on the part of leading critics. Eugene O'Neill is the American dramatist that should have been awarded the Nobel prize, if the Nobel Committee was seeking to recognize an American dramatist.

Sinclair Lewis looks upon the Catholic Church from the outside, and finds it not so very reprehensible, that is, comparatively. Eugene O'Neill was of the Catholic Church, was of a Catholic family. He wandered out of its sphere of influence and embraced the naturalistic viewpoints of the contemporary non-religious and novo-pagan milieu. He grappled with these in the composition of his dramas. He struggled to settle his internal mental conflicts through the solutions to life that they offered. He waded in the depths of human iniquity and tragedy, he looked honestly into the human heart and found there sordidness and hypocrisy and frailty, and sincerely he strove to portray it. He went to an excess in this endeavor, both morally and artistically, and so marred his work.

But he seemed ever dissatisfied, because he had an inner spark, it might be a Catholic and a supernatural spark, that nagged him into lifting his eyes from the filth he discovered in abnormal themes. It has been his tragedy that he has been too intense in looking down, and too fearful in looking upwards. His last serious drama, *Days without End*, rose in a poignant cry. May his next series, on which he now labors, follow whither his cry has gone, to God.

PUTTING ON CHRIST

TOMORROW, the First Sunday in Advent, marks the beginning of the ecclesiastical year. On this day, the Church bids us prepare our souls for the coming of Christ. We must make them ready for His coming on Christmas Day; we must also make them ready for the great day of His coming, when we shall stand before Him, with all the sons and daughters of Adam, to give an account of our stewardship.

The Epistle which the Church selects for the day is fittingly taken from the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul to the Romans. St. Paul tells us that the night is past, and the day is at hand; we must, therefore, cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light. The works of darkness are sin, and where sin abides Christ cannot come. He cannot be with us as long as our hearts are given in thralldom to evil, and we wear the livery of sin. "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ," the Apostle exhorts us (as the reading of the Epistle ends. This "putting on" of Christ is a favorite monition with the Apostle, as it has been with many of the Saints who have followed him. But what, precisely, is the meaning we might draw from the monition?

St. Thomas gives us an answer. "Everyone puts on Christ who imitates Christ," he writes. "For as a man is dressed in a garment and appears in the color of it, so Christ Himself and His garment, which is holiness, is evident in everyone who imitates Christ." Hence St. John Chrysostom teaches: "To put on Christ is to make known the likeness of Christ on every side by holiness." It is evident, then, that St. Paul expects every Christian to aim not merely at the salvation of his soul, but at a degree of sanctity. In presenting this ideal, he follows the example of his Master Who speaking not only to the crowd before Him but to all Christians, bade them be perfect.

This is indeed the ascent of the soul to God, and for many of us it will be a long and arduous ascent. We must first put off the old man with his vices and concupiscences so that relieved of this burden the soul may bravely begin its journey. With God's strengthening grace we can free ourselves from sin, and with that same Divine assistance we can all press forward confidently to the journey's end. God Who from the stones can raise up children to Abraham, can also transform these weak and timorous souls of ours, and raise us to that level where we can say with the Apostle: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."

CHRONICLE

TUGWELL RESIGNATION. Frequent rumors to the effect that Rexford G. Tugwell was preparing to resign were confirmed on November 17 by his resignation as Under-Secretary of Agriculture and also as Resettlement Administrator. In his letter to President Roosevelt he bases his action on "reasons which have been discussed between us more than once." In accepting his resignation, President Roosevelt states that "he fully understands the reasons that make you feel you should, for a while at least, return to private life within the next few months." It is known that Mr. Tugwell and Secretary Wallace have been in disagreement on policies. Mr. Tugwell went to Washington in 1932 as one of the so-called "brain trust" which advised the President. He becomes Vice-President of the American Mollasses Company. Though unconfirmed, his successor is understood to be Dr. Will W. Alexander, of Tennessee, one of the assistant administrators of the Resettlement Administration.

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SEAMEN'S STRIKE. Neither ship-owners nor shipworkers' unions budged in the slightest from their pre-strike conditions in San Francisco. The chief issue remained that of control of the hiring-halls. The Maritime Commission has listened to charges and countercharges. Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, has been strenuously trying to bring owners and unionists together for negotiations. Plan 4 was rejected; he is drawing up Plan 5, and asserting that he has not abandoned hope. Eight Mayors of the principal cities hurt by the strike issued a letter to all concerned asking agreement to the formation of an arbitration board appointed by President Roosevelt. The San Francisco unionists rejected the proposal; it was accepted by the ship-owners, and the Curran committee, which carries on the Eastern and Southern strike against the wishes of the union authorities. The Curran strike in New York lost some of its intensity and its power when sea traffic began to move out of the port.

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LABOR IN CONVENTION. Tampa, Fla., was the scene of the annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor on November 16 and the days following. A schism in the ranks kept all the delegates uneasy. President William Green and the majority of the Executive Council have opposed and been opposed by John L. Lewis, Chairman of the Committee for Industrial Organization. Mr. Lewis holds for an industrial as against a craft form of union. He has allied with him, in addition to his United Mine Workers, the largest in the Federation, nine other strong labor bodies. The Executive Council, prior to the Convention, opposed all

arbitration of the craft-industrial dispute and held to its decision on September 5 of suspending the C.I.O. groups. The cleavage was as an undercurrent in the proceedings, opened by a message from President Roosevelt who viewed the nation's condition optimistically, and addressed by prominent governmental and other speakers. Many resolutions censuring both Mr. Green and Mr. Lewis were preliminary to the final action taken by the Convention in upholding or repudiating the suspension of the C.I.O. by the Executive Council.

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BRITAIN ACCEPTS. Great Britain tacitly recognized the right of General Franco to establish a blockade along the coast of Catalonia and to bombard Barcelona, by instructing its Spanish Ambassador to inquire from Franco whether he intended establishing safety zones around Barcelona. . . . William Gallacher, lone Communist member of the House of Commons, caused youthful Foreign Secretary Eden to lose his temper. Gallacher hinted that the recent recognition of Franco by Germany and Italy constituted a breach of their pledges to the international non-intervention committee. . . . "As far as breaches are concerned," Secretary Eden replied, "I wish to say categorically that I think there are other governments more to blame than either Germany or Italy."

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REICH RIVERS. Germany tore up another part of the Versailles Treaty, by declaring she no longer recognizes the internationalization and control of German waterways ordained by the Treaty. . . . The Rhine, Elbe, Oder, Danube Rivers, under the jurisdiction of international commissions since 1919, were thus repatriated, and German territorial sovereignty completely recaptured. . . . Cardinal Faulhaber, during his recent three-hour conference with Chancellor Hitler, presented a long list of the violations of the Concordat by the Nazi regime. . . . A defensive pact between Germany and Japan in which each undertakes to give mutual support and assistance against Communist activities was being negotiated by both nations. . . .

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BEFORE MADRID. Desperate resistance by the Madrid militiamen retarded the advance of General Franco's army in their attack on the city. The concrete-walled channel of the Manzanares River offered an effective barrier to the direct charge of troops except over the bridges, that were known to be mined. . . . Air-raids on the part of the Nationalists and counter-attacks from the air forces of the Government caused extensive damage in the city and particularly in the outskirts where the

militia were entrenched. Scores of fires resulting from bombs and shells spread further damage. . . . The Nationalists army after several days delay effected a crossing on the shallow River gorge in the northwestern section, captured the West Park and drove the defenders out of the University City sector into the heart of the city. The attack then shifted to the west and south sectors between the Segovia Bridge and the Campamento district. Dispatches from Madrid reported extensive destruction of the closely set blocks of houses directly below the National Palace. . . . In an official communication General Franco notified foreign powers that a blockade of Barcelona would begin shortly and that safety zones would be established at Taragona, Alicante, Cartagena, and other ports yet to be determined. . . . Recognition of the Nationalist Government by Germany and Italy was received with enthusiastic demonstrations by the people of Seville and Valladolid.

SALENGRO, SUICIDE. Filling a room with gas, Roger Salengro, Minister of the Interior in Premier Blum's Cabinet, sat down, waited for a suicide's death. "Overwork and calumny and grief have conquered me," a letter to his brother declared. . . . Salengro had been the target of the Blum opposition since last summer when a weekly paper accused him of desertion during the World War. . . . In a debate in the Chamber of Deputies on the Salengro war record a few days before his suicide, a Rightist deputy shouted an insult to Premier Blum, unleashed an uproar. Members milled around the Chamber, pushing, yelling, fighting.

SOVIET SHIFT. Further signs appeared indicating that the Stalin regime was attempting to build up a nationalistic spirit among the Russian masses as opposed to its previous efforts to minimize this spirit in favor of a proletarian-world outlook. . . . The official axe fell on a comic opera in Moscow, because it was "ideologically false and historically incorrect." The opera showed a mass Baptism during the early Christianization of Russia as a drunken farce; poked fun at heroic figures in Russian folk-lore. The decree suppressing the production declared it "cheapened Russian history." . . . Another reversal in Soviet policy emerged. For the first time since the Bolsheviks came to power, the State began manufacturing wedding rings. Bourgeois marriage and its time-honored symbol, the wedding ring, had previously been the butt of Soviet ridicule. Nikolai Krylenko, Commissar for Justice, appealed for lifelong monogamy on the part of husband and wife. . . . A new spy hunt by the Soviet political police netted a number of German citizens and a protest from the German Embassy. The Kremlin rejected the protest.

REICH, ITALY, FRANCO. Italy and Germany stunned Europe by unexpectedly recognizing the Government of Generalissimo Francisco Franco in

Spain. Franco's regime "has taken possession of the greater part of Spain and the development of the situation shows ever more clearly that in the remaining parts no responsible government any longer exists," the communiqués from Berlin and Rome declared. Major Ramon Franco, aviator-brother of General Franco, arrived in Rome. By their recognition, Italy and Germany stood committed to achieve the triumph of the Franco regime. The joint action of Berlin and Rome was viewed as a prelude to the dissolution of the international non-intervention committee.

EGYPTIAN FREEDOM. An Anglo-Egyptian treaty giving Egypt some measure of freedom with Great Britain as her ally passed the Egyptian Parliament, just eighteen years after Zaghoul Pasha, founder of the Wafd movement, first voiced his country's demand for independence from England. . . . British military forces will later be withdrawn from Cairo and Alexandria but garrisons will be kept in the Suez Canal Zone. . . . The Sudan was not recognized as an integral part of Egypt—a recognition that Egypt demanded—but Egyptian troops and Egyptian immigration may be sent there. . . . Opposition to the treaty was voiced, it being contended that England gave up practically nothing and that Egypt will be a sort of English protectorate during the twenty years of the treaty's duration. . . .

FOOTNOTES. The youthful Maharajah of Travancore in India upset the time-honored caste system in his territory, ordered that "untouchables" must be allowed to enter State temples. . . . In Peru, Congress voted an extension of three years in the term of President Benavides, in order to prevent a Socialist from obtaining that office. . . . Rev. Joseph Clarence Burns, of the Maryknoll Mission, after nine-months' captivity in the hands of Chinese bandits in Manchukuo, escaped. . . . Pope Pius XI gave a private audience to Will Hays, American movie czar. His Holiness discussed the activities of the Legion of Decency in the United States, expressed the hope that the improvement in the American films would continue. Mr. Hays characterized the audience as the high light of his career in the movie-production field. . . . The invasion of Suiyuan Province of China by Mongols purportedly supported by Japanese stirred Chinese patriotism to its depths. Money poured in for the Suiyuan defense-fund from all parts of the country and from all walks of life. The Chinese Central Government dispatched airplanes and tanks to Suiyuan. Some of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's crack troops were reported to be arriving in Suiyuan to oppose the Mongol-Manchukuoan offensive. . . . The Istanbul correspondent of the *London Daily Express* reported that between October 20 and 31, eighteen Russian ships filled with guns, airplanes and munitions passed through the Dardenelles. Later several of these ships were officially reported to have arrived at Spanish ports.

CORRESPONDENCE

SQUATTER

EDITOR: Don Hurley's amusing satire on kneeler-bangers, aisle-seaters, gospel-comers, back-of-the-church-standers, and other exemplars of bad church manners prompts me to enter a plea in mitigation for one class of offenders. After forty years of membership in the small and honorable group of upright worshippers I have, alas, slumped from that high estate into the slouching posture of the sitters, that vast number otherwise characterized by Mr. Hurley as haunch-squatters. In all charity he would, I am sure, exempt from his gentle scorn the aged and ill and those who for constitutional reasons find it difficult to kneel erect.

But there is another group, neither physically handicapped nor slouchy but, on the contrary, quite normal and even devout in their church behavior, who nevertheless sink into the sitter class not from choice but from necessity, and I spring to their defense.

Did Mr. Hurley every try to maintain the vertical position for any length of time in some of our churches? Pity 'tis that the kneelers are nailed to the floor, for the advantage of movable benches whereon one could conveniently assume the proper posture would be worth the noisy kneeler-banging for which his church is so distinguished.

Personally I find kneeling upright much more agreeable and spiritually more satisfying than haunch-squatting, but the arrangements in so many of the churches I have worshiped in make it impossible to adopt that position. Curiously enough, our newer churches are worse offenders in this regard than the older ones. Why, in the name of all that's holy—and sensible—do our pastors, when building new churches, fail in this elementary and simple matter of providing adequate bench accommodations?

New York

PARISHIONER

WARNING

EDITOR: I have just read a United Press dispatch headed, *Aboard the S.S. American Legion en route to Buenos Aires*. It states that Dr. Samuel Guy Inman, the notorious supporter of Carranza and of the whole anti-Catholic movement in Mexico, is special adviser to the United States Delegation to Buenos Aires and has been appointed on a sub-committee "to study and report on intellectual co-operation." Emilio del Toro Cuevas (of whom I know nothing but whose record, I am sure, would bear investigation) is counselor of jurisprudence to our delegation. Michael Francis Doyle, another delegate, was one of the signers of a note in June, 1935, asking for the recall of Ambassador Caffrey

when the Cuban Communists protested against the latter's opposition to them.

As far as I can see, the Pan-American Peace Conference is going to be a Pan-Masonic Conference for the purpose of extending and strengthening Masonic and anti-Christian hegemony in the Americas.

If we let the grass grow under our feet, a Masonic Communistic American League of Nations will soon be a reality. The fullest publicity should be thrown upon the machinations of our Reds and Pinks.

Redlands, Calif.

LAURENCE FORRESTAL

DESTRUCTIVE

EDITOR: After reading G. M. K's letter (*Crying Evils*; November 7), I was greatly annoyed. For it was typical of a certain type of criticism much engaged in today that is entirely destructive in that it offers no suggestions for amendment but decries with vehemence all the evils of life. Anyone can draw up a list of abuses and have everyone agree with him; but there its effect will stop. Your correspondent looks with evident dissatisfaction at the efforts of American Catholics, while what the Church has most need of today is a strong united front with encouragement for the present and guidance for the future.

Maryland

T. J. F.

PORTRAIT

EDITOR: Your editorial on Father Burke sent us swiftly to our knees in thanksgiving. It is a large and glorious estimate of a large and glorious priest. It is a poem in prose and a tribute that will be prayerfully and gratefully memorized by Father Burke's disciples. The pen of the closest of these could trace no more soul-satisfying portrait, nor could there be happier choice of paragraph themes than those presented by this eloquent editorial.

One of them recalls a sentence in a letter we received a few days ago: "The last picture I have of Father Burke in my minds' eye is seeing him standing in his office holding a loved statue of the Curé d' Ars. There seemed to be a special bond between the two priests."

Other paragraphs harmonize so perfectly with Father Burke's own words that I quote from a recent letter: "The Apostolic Delegate informed me yesterday that the Holy Father had made me a Domestic Prelate. It shatters my hopes of dying a simple Paulist priest. . . . Never call me Monsignor. . . . My prayer is that it may help the work."

Brighton, Mass.

H. M. L.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

BOSWELL: WAS HE A CATHOLIC?

HENRY WATTS

BOSWELL'S father, the Laird of Auchinleck, was a dour and evidently cantankerous Presbyterian Whig; a combination ghastly to contemplate. But this was the godly sort of person Boswell had for his father, and it must have galled his boyhood, for he was an ardent young Jacobite. The commentators of Boswell have dismissed this phase of his early life in a superior and detached sort of way, as though it were some silly boyish "crush." But Boswell's Jacobitism was by no means a youthful crush; it was one of the strongest sentiments of his life to which he clung with persistency.

Even his great hero, Dr. Johnson, stepped a little from his pedestal when Boswell declared that he was not properly a Jacobite. It was sufficient to speak of Prince Charles Edward Stuart as "The Pretender" to arouse all the Scots pugnacity that was never far below the surface with Boswell. He went so far as to accost George III at a royal levee in 1785—Boswell was then forty-five—and asked if Charles Edward might be styled "Prince Charles."

Boswell's early Jacobite leanings are not important. The only reason why they should not be lightly dismissed is that the Jacobites were mostly Catholics; certainly many Highland clans had clung to the ancient Faith. And if Boswell was mixed up with the Jacobites, and he seems to have been, then it is likely that he came across the Catholic religion in action. The phase in Boswell's life that touches upon Catholicism is rather obscure, and his commentators have beclouded the issue. What these writers seem to have missed entirely is this outstanding fact: that on occasion Boswell speaks the Catholic language. In other words, when he speaks of things Catholic, he refers to them in a way that would be outside the capacity of one not acquainted with the Catholic religion.

The late Sir Leslie Stephen, who wrote the Boswell article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, dismisses Boswell's relations with Catholics lightly in these words: "Meeting some Catholics in Glasgow he straightway resolved to become a Romish priest." Now, not only is this bald statement inadequate, but Sir Leslie Stephen did not know what he was talking about.

Boswell's father, Alexander Boswell, who was a law lord and adorned with the title of Lord Auchinleck, was of the opinion that his son should follow him in the legal profession, and in 1759, when James Boswell was nineteen years old, he was entered as a student of civil law in the University of Glasgow. Both then, and as late as 1889, the Scottish universities obliged their members to swear to the religious test under the Test Act, which was aimed at keeping Papists out of the universities altogether. So that the younger Boswell, when entered as a law student, was obliged to make a declaration against the Catholic doctrines of Transubstantiation, the Sacrifice of the Mass, Purgatory, and the Invocation of the Blessed Virgin and the Saints. This is the "formula" referred to by the editors of the newly discovered text of the *Journal of the Tour to the Hebrides*. He was but a youth of nineteen when he had to subscribe to this religious test, which was a source of abhorrence when he was obliged to disavow teachings that he held in the greatest reverence. But how could he have hated denying these Catholic doctrines unless he knew something about them?

The question arises: was Boswell a Catholic at this time? Sir Leslie Stephen hints that he met Catholics in Glasgow, and his friendship with the Jacobites suggests that he was no stranger to Catholic thought. But there is some confusion about his connection with Catholics. Sir Leslie Stephen mentions Glasgow and the year 1759. On the other hand, there is Boswell's statement that in the Spring of 1760, when he was twenty, he ran away from Glasgow University to London, where he hoped not only to escape law, which he hated, but to find fame and fortune. He rode day and night and did the journey in two and one-half days on horseback (which disposes of the notion that he eloped with a Catholic actress), and in London took lodgings with a wig maker named Egan. This Egan was a Catholic.

In a footnote, the editors of the original *Journal* state that he attended Mass for the first time at the chapel of the Bavarian Embassy—the embassy chapels were the only places where London Catho-

lics could attend Mass, apart from the secret meetings held in private places where officers of the law were less likely to break in and arrest priest and people. Concerning this time Boswell, some years later, told Rousseau (of all people!) that he had some idea of crossing to France and entering some religious house. At any rate, it is said that after attending the Bavarian Chapel, he was received into the Catholic Church, and we must leave the narrative at that.

Now this, if it were true, was gall and bitterness to the Presbyterian Whig laird up at Auchinleck. The old laird posted off to London after his son, and not finding him, set on a Scots dominie, one Dr. Jortin, to win back the young Boswell from the "superstitions of Romanism." That being done, old Auchinleck returned to Scotland. With some ingenuity Boswell evaded the dominie, but he met with the Earl of Eglinton, his father's Ayrshire neighbor, and if we are to believe the record, Eglinton succeeded in converting Boswell from being a Roman Catholic into being a rake. That, at least, is how the story runs. Whether it is the true story, perhaps we may deduce from Boswell himself.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was a shrewd observer. Writing to Mrs. Thrale on October 23, 1773, he said: "Boswell, who is very pious, went into the chapel at night to perform his devotions." We have seen that Boswell hated taking the oath against Catholic doctrines; he himself refers continually to Ogden's *Sermons on Prayer*, a devotional work he carried with him; and the editors of the text of the original *Journal* distinctly say that after 1760, Boswell continuously attended Mass at various Catholic chapels in London.

There are many signs that show Boswell was not only willing to discuss Catholic matters, but he appears to have known quite well what he was talking about. When he and Johnson were on their way from Aberdeen to Aberbrothock, the Doctor asked him about the Catholic religion. Why should Johnson have done that unless he knew he was familiar with Catholicism? They discussed Transubstantiation more than once. On one such occasion Boswell said that "the Catechism and Solemn Office of the Church of England maintain a mysterious belief in more than a commemoration of the death of Christ by partaking of the elements of bread and wine." This seems an indication that he knew the Non-Jurors, who were almost all High Churchmen.

On another occasion when disputing with Dr. Johnson concerning religion, Boswell stated that the arguments used against Transubstantiation were equally effective against the doctrines of the Holy Trinity. It was easy to affront his religious susceptibilities, as in the case of the young Laird of Mackinnon, who foolishly professed to be an atheist. Boswell relates the incident: "he immediately retailed some of the flimsy arguments of Voltaire and Hume against miracles in general. It was strangely offensive to hear infidelity from a Highland chief. . . ."

When Johnson spoke in favor of John Wesley, Boswell took umbrage at his friend's statement.

Wesley, he said, had acted badly toward the Americans, and he spoke heatedly of "the intolerant spirit which he manifested against our fellow-Christians of the Roman Catholic communion, for which that able champion, Father O'Leary, has given him so hearty a drubbing." Does all this sound like the small talk of a godless profligate?

There is something pathetic that shows in Boswell's character when he and Dr. Johnson visited the holy island of Iona. In the mansion at Auchinleck there was preserved a stone from Iona, and when he visited the island in 1773, Boswell knelt down, offering a prayer where St. Columba is said to have landed. Later on, Boswell says, he "put up a stone of the wall of the cathedral to be preserved as a memento of devotion, and a stone of the convent of monks, as a talisman for chastity."

It is unfair to think that Boswell's devotion to St. Columba was a pose or windy humbug. There is a simplicity about his narration redolent of deep sincerity. So he speaks of the first time he and Johnson were at Iona:

I walked out in the dark to the cross, knelt before it and holding it with both my hands, I prayed with a strong devotion, while I had before me the image of that on which my Saviour died for the sins of the world. The sanctity of venerable Columbus filled my imagination. I considered that to ask the intercession of a departed saint was at least innocent and might be of service. I indulged my inclination to what is called superstitious prayer. I said *Sancte Columbe, ora pro me*. O Columbus, thou venerable saint, as we have all the reason that can be to believe that thou art in heaven, I beseech thee to pray God that I may attain to everlasting felicity.

At another time he says that he slipped away and returned to the ruined cathedral, where he performed some pleasing serious exercises of piety, kneeling before St. Martin's cross. There was a third visit:

I again addressed a few words to Saint Columbus; and I warmed my soul with religious resolutions. . . . I hoped that ever after having been in this holy place I should maintain an exemplary conduct. . . . I read with an audible voice the fifth chapter of St. James. . . ."

There is pathos and religious fervor in this concluding passage. For Boswell knew that religion had left Iona Cathedral dumb at the Reformation. It warmed his soul to realize that the Word of God was spoken aloud in that deserted holy place, even if he alone were there to hear it. And again one may ask: are these the sentiments to be looked for in a godless profligate?

The truth probably is that Boswell acquired some knowledge of the Catholic religion in his early days with the Jacobites. And if he really became a Catholic and was persuaded out of it by the Earl of Eglinton, he cannot have lost the Faith entirely.

There was a codicil to his will, and in that Boswell asked that all his pious friends should pray for his departed soul, "Considering how reasonable it is to suppose that it may be detained some time in a middle state." He was familiar with the Faith; he spoke of Catholic teachings and doctrine in terms consonant with that familiarity; and enough is known to justify the feeling that he was a Catholic, albeit one of the weaker brethren.

THE BOY

I am the boy who had the barley loaves
And fish, in that big grassy place
Below the sycamore groves;
I had to dodge and push and squeeze
Till I was out in front by Andrew's knees,
Across from His face.
The Lord looked up and out and all around,
Then straight at me upon the ground . . .
I nodded my head:
But I didn't know just all that He meant
When He wouldn't take my lunch without my consent,
Till He had fed
Those ranks and ranks of men with my fish and bread.

FLORENCE C. MAGEE

BERNARD R. HUBBARD, S.J.

Monks chanting Lauds and Prime in carven stalls—
Copying manuscripts in narrow cells—
Faced by this monastery minus walls,
Hearing no punctual chime of chapel bells,
Perhaps had murmured. It would take indeed
The seer, Loyola, to accept this thing:
That if in far, wild places Christ should lead,
Men must be free for the swift following.
This is Loyola's hour: this consecration
Igniting mountains into altar flame,
This wresting truth from ice, this pure Ignatian
Adventuring to praise the Holy Name,
This gallant questing for the Greater Glory
In long-sealed chapters of the earth's strange story.

SISTER MARY ST. VIRGINIA, B.V.M.

ST. AGNES

When great names are forgotten
According to God's will,
The gentle name of Agnes
Will be remembered still,

And how she loved Our Lord and died
When she was just thirteen,
And how there never was a better
Braver martyr seen.

To kill a lamb is cruel work—
There's nothing to be said
For that unkind and ugly wretch
Who could cut off her head.

But it's some comfort to recall
That lambs, howe'er they leap,
Must see death in a little while
Or else turn into sheep.

And God requires upon his hills
Some lambs from Peter's fold—
The rest shall be made young again,
But these were never old.

By sickness or by knife they leave,
New mourners through the years,
But soon, though still they draw our love,
They shall not draw our tears.

And dying may we raise our eyes,
As the world dims and stills,
And see that darling flock at play
On the heavenly hills.

MARIGOLD HUNT

INCENSE

Incense is prayer
That drives no bargain.
Child, learn from incense
How best to pray.
Incense—abused
In rhymesters' jargon—
Curls through my stanzas,
Pungent, gray,
That eye and nostril,
Scent and sight
May thrill with the mounting
Clouds of spice,
Rising like prayer
For God's delight,
Whenever a thurible
Swings high thrice.

Incense is praise
Past all devising
Beautiful, natural,
Perfect praise.
Child, from your soul
Incense is rising
As from a thurible.
Spend your days
Thus, ashamed to be
Questing pelf,
To nag at God
With importunate palm,
When incense, like goodness,
Diffuses itself—
Rising like the *Gloria*
At the end of a psalm!

ALFRED BARRETT, S.J.

HE BIDS HIS LOVE SHOUT

Islands there are, where lovers may have speech,
But arduous to attain, for such as we:
Green quietude and sea-foam, out of reach
Of the tom-toms of Newark's ecstasy.
There are such, proven and beautiful, although
Remote, I say, and not permitted us.
And here, love's syllables must drown below
The surge and thunder of the crosstown bus.

Be noisier then, my sweet, and we shall love
Amidst the crackle of this neon world
(Folding away those isles, as sails are furled)
While we, obedient, amplify love's tones
To loud communion and vows pitched above
Night's bombards and the whelming saxophones.

J. H. McCABE

BOOKS

BEST LIFE IN ENGLISH

THE ODYSSEY OF FRANCIS XAVIER. By Theodore Maynard. Longmans, Green and Co. \$2.50

AT the premature age of forty-six, Francis Xavier lay dying of fever in a dismantled shed on the tiny island of Sancian, his sole attendant a helpless Chinese boy, his eyes on the crucifix, his lips murmuring a last *Te Deum*. This was the man who had abandoned professor's chair and benefice to tramp from Paris to Rome under the leadership of a limping ex-soldier, Ignatius of Loyola. This was the Xavier whose passionate sincerity had startled the decadent Goanese to repentance. Pagan villages had acclaimed him as he paraded through their streets, ringing his bell, surrounded by a group of delighted children who sang their catechism lessons to the tunes and rhymes of Mother Goose, and baptizing till his arm was weary. Thoughts of still greater conquests for Christ brought him to Japan, and observers noted that this silent, serious man was actually dancing with glee as he approached the palace of the Mikado. He was about to enter forbidden China when death overtook him at Sancian. This was Xavier the Saint—impulsive, passionate, affectionate, imaginative, but withal, a tireless worker and an efficient organizer and executive.

Such is the story that the versatile Mr. Maynard tells in his latest publication. Mr. Maynard makes no attempt at startling originality, but he deserves high praise for his readable, interesting and scholarly account of the life of the great Apostle of the East. The most reliable literature on Xavier forms the basis of Mr. Maynard's story and his familiarity with the land where Xavier labored (Mr. Maynard's boyhood was spent in India) throws new and interesting sidelights on his picture of the saint.

One slight error has escaped the proof readers. Twice Peter Faber is called a canonized saint. Again, the present writer would never agree with the rather severe judgment which Mr. Maynard makes on the work of Robert de'Nobili. Lastly, a captious critic might be a little amused and surprised at Mr. Maynard's glib statement that a certain companion of Xavier left the Jesuits to find "a congenial home among the more easy going Franciscans." But these are slight defects which may be easily corrected and which do not detract from the value of the book as a whole.

The Odyssey of Francis Xavier may not attain the epic sublimity which the materials at hand warranted. Xavier may be too colorful and too fascinating a personality to be adequately painted in a sober and restrained style. But Mr. Maynard offers the best short life of Xavier available in English. Admirers of the saint will be grateful to him.

JOHN J. HASSETT

SEVEN THINKERS AND THEIR YEARNINGS

WRESTLERS WITH CHRIST. By Karl Pfleger. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50

THIS book contains seven masterly studies on seven leading thinkers of our times: Léon Bloy, Péguy, Gide, Chesterton, Dostolevsky and Berdalev. Why these authors were selected was a matter of personal taste. Pfleger seems to have chosen them largely because of his own personal affinity with their spirit. In all he finds

the same basic human traits colored of course by the peculiar racial temperament of each. He thus shows how in spite of racial and environmental differences there is a fundamental unity in man rooted in certain primitive urges of his spiritual nature.

Though this kind of book is always in danger of being arbitrary and subjective, it must be laid to Pfleger's credit that he has been extremely objective. He has penetrated himself utterly with the writings of the above-named authors. He speaks through their mouths and with their very words. And yet he has not made his studies into mosaics of quotations but into beautiful living moral profiles.

Strictly speaking these essays are studies in religious psychology. Here lies their real importance. With much insight and sympathy, Pfleger grapples with the lives of seven modern intellectual giants, opens up their hearts and sees for himself in that utterly unfathomable abyss of the soul an almost infinite spiritual vacuum which can only be filled by God. The book is a modern and most poignant commentary to Tertullian's unforgettable phrase: "The soul of man is in virtue of its very nature naturally Christian."

This is a book for theologians who would see in the concrete how grace conquers or is rejected by human free will. It is a book for students of ethics who would study in real life the original yearnings of the human heart. It is a book for psychologists who would probe the most potent urge in the life of man: the religious urge. It is a book for all those who seek in literature not only amusement, or "precepts," or "collections of nice phrases," or "style" but a contact with the living flaming reality of men's souls.

JAIME CASTIELLO

BLUSH FOR COLONIAL FOREFATHERS

AMERICAN OPINION OF ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Sister Mary Augustina Ray, B.V.M., Ph.D. Columbia University Press. \$4.75

ATTENTION centers on this book. Published by Columbia University, it bears the *Imprimatur* of Cardinal Mundelein. It was written by a Sister of Charity of the Blessed Virgin Mary under the direction of Professor Evarts B. Greene, a master in the field of Colonial religious history. It is a doctoral dissertation that will satisfy the demands of the scholarly critic; it will have the popular appeal of a fire-side story for the general reader. It portrays an important period in America's past, but the eternally human element in it is suggestive of present-day applications. The fanaticism, the crudity, the hatred of our No-Popery Colonial may cause his descendants to blush and may bring an amused smile to Catholic lips. Sister Augustina has treated the matter seriously, objectively and with understanding. Anti-Catholic mentality and its expression in word and act possessed an intrinsic interest of which nothing is lost in this ably written account.

Among the people who laid the foundations of the American nation there were, of course, demagogues and charlatans to play upon their gullibility. But the repetition of the key-word "tradition" in the caption of at least eight chapters of this book will aid greatly toward an understanding of the situation. With all their faults our ancestors were victims of the Protestant Tradition. Sister Augustina discusses this emotional distortion of history, politics and religious thought in its English homeland, in the Colonial pulpit and press, in the schools,

in practical life and in political debate. We feel something akin to sympathy for deluded minds before which hovered a caricature of the Church that any man might fear and hate. At the same time, there is nothing un-Christian in our contempt for the noisy exploiters of the tradition. The "Quebec Act" calls up much that is indelibly discreditable to the champions of American liberty. The history of our relations with Canada is a tale of duplicity that can hardly be dignified as diplomacy. It is handled adequately for the purposes of this book.

Fortunately, we have emerged from the dark era when Christians hated Christians. Books like this will not perpetuate sad conditions of the past. Rather they should make us regretfully conscious of a folly that broke the unity of Christendom and left us exposed to the more frightful menace of a robust and aggressive Atheism. If the reader is a student with a flare for painstaking scholarship, he will revel in the rich documentation of Sister Augustina's dissertation. If he is merely a casual reader in search of intellectual diversion, let him open the book at any of its four hundred pages. Few historical works are likely to grip his attention so readily. It is a pleasure to review a book for which we have nothing but praise.

R. CORRIGAN

CONSOLATION IN DESOLATION

THE ART OF SUFFERING. By Louis Bertrand, translated by E. F. Peeler. Sheed and Ward. \$3

CENTURIES before Industrialism, like Pandora's box, let loose a host of evils in the form of squalor and disease associated with slums, suffering was admitted to be inseparable from life. Today sensitive people alarmed by the uncertain trend of events and the precarious position of society, are seeking a fountainhead of strength in case civilization should totter. To them, desirous of living purposefully and of possessing the assurance of security, Bertrand's work is addressed. Originally called *The Book of Consolation*, it is not, however, a sedative inviting repose in a Never-Never land, haven of the escapist, nor does it contain the virus of defeatism. Leaving out of consideration a favored minority who enjoy years of halcyon days, the author is concerned with the majority to whom comes a time when individually they must pass through the alembic of pain and suffering to prove the domination of soul over body. Daily in public hospitals, the gardens of agony, such purifications occur, and are used by Bertrand to inspire the timorous. For realism the death of Philip II of Spain in the Escorial is unrivaled. There are chapters devoted to the mental sufferings of misfits and inconsolables in addition to an examination of the advantages and disadvantages consonant with old age. The supernatural value of suffering is not sharply stressed; nevertheless, as Father Martindale observes in a fitting introduction to the book: "Unless the redemptive suffering of Christ is introduced, there is a lot more evil in the world than good, and the correctives are swamped by the things to be corrected."

E. P. MURPHY

CRUSADER JOURNALIST

FREMONT OLDER. By Evelyn Wells. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3.

MANY, if not most readers of this interesting book will finally return it to the shelf with mingled feelings of satisfaction and regret. They will be glad to have available, in a form both convenient and readable, much detailed and accurate information concerning one of the

more tempestuous eras of San Francisco's history. And if regret is experienced, it will be due to a lingering impression of much wasted energy and misdirection in the "evolution" of a truly rich human personality.

In his more than half-century of work as a newspaper man, Older had come to be widely regarded as one of America's "great" editors. If mounting circulation be taken as a yard-stick, this distinction was well deserved. Taking over, first, the *Bulletin*, and later, the *Evening Call*, when each of these sheets was in a semi-comatose condition, he galvanized subscriptions in a fashion that had never been known on the Pacific Coast. Miss Wells frankly admits that his methods were entirely "practical"; she makes no claim for them apart from their power to attract readers.

But to a large circle, and, increasingly, in his own imagination, Fremont Older assumed the role of prophet, crusader, social reformer and, finally, philosopher and general critic of mankind and its destiny. By temperament a "complete extravert," he had received nothing but the barest rudiments of a formal education. This is what we find ourselves regretting as we close the book. A brilliant mind, an iron will, an incurably tender heart towards any form of suffering, enabled Older to make a lasting name for himself as journalist and man. They did not, as indeed of themselves they could not, supply the penetration, the sense of balance and proportion to be looked for in an authoritative teacher of the deeper realities of life and eternity.

HUBERT J. FLYNN

BOOKS IN BRIEFER REVIEW

PORTRAIT OF AN ERA. As Drawn by C. D. Gibson. A Biography by Fairfax Downey. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

AN interesting life of precociousness and fame, about 250 drawings to accent that life, and a biographer equipped with a keen sense of appraisal and a vigorous style—this is the combination that makes Mr. Downey's book thoroughly enjoyable. Although dowagers, grandmas and grandpas, beau Brummels and children are included in the artist's gallery, Mr. Downey treats the fluffy-haired, slender Gibson Girl, the artist's abiding type and the creature of his fame, as a sort of guiding genius throughout; and so the thread of biography, while progressing from the slightly frumpish 'eighties and 'nineties, to the emancipating turn of the century, to the bolder War period, to the nonchalant stage called *today*, always ties up with the "Gibson Girl" as she varies in type. The narrative is thus skillfully unified. Gibson's work reflects events as well as types. The biographer matches this slant by dramatizing events in stirring phrase and figure. Downey's word pictures are as arresting as Gibson's pen-and-ink sketches. Among the *Acknowledgments* the author's debt to his wife is an especially graceful tribute.

MAINLAND. By Gilbert Seldes. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3

BROAD analysis and criticism of present social and economic trends in America is the object of Gilbert Seldes, author of *The Seven Lively Arts*, *Lysistrata*, and other items, in his latest book. The writing is diffuse, not without a trace of bombast, but often brilliant; the scope and implications of the work are rather vast, hence the author raises far more questions than he solves. Perhaps this was his intention. While *Mainland* is not a work that will rock the learned world, the average intelligent reader who has no itch to ride in the Fascist or Communist bandwagon should be moved by it to "sit down and think, quietly and soberly, what America means," as Struthers Burt has written. In this much-needed meditation, he will find a good deal of guidance in what Mr. Seldes has sketched.

THEATRE

AT long last, as the British put it, this rather colorless theatrical season has given birth to a rich and colorful play. See *Tovarich*, produced by Gilbert Miller at the Plymouth Theatre, and forget your sorrows for two hours. They will be a rainbowish two hours, with a few little showers momentarily obscuring the exuberant sunshine; but you will enjoy the showers, too.

Looking at the plot it is hard to believe that the new comedy can be so fresh and gay. It has a hackneyed theme, the experience of a pair of Russian aristocrats, husband and wife, driven from their country and working for their living in Paris. I need hardly add that the work they choose is that of maid and butler in a bourgeois French family. One can see Gilbert Miller's eyebrows rise when this outline of the play was presented to him by his readers. But when one has accepted the play's basic situation the worst is over. From that on, all is gayety and whimsicality and wit and charm, perfectly interpreted by a company headed by John Halliday and Marta Abba. Miss Abba is a newcomer to our stage, and she may be said to have arrived with a bang. She is Italian, but she knows the Russian heart. Her acting is the highlight of a season that sadly needs some highlights.

The discovery that the refugees have been entrusted by their late Czar with four billion francs to put into the right hands in due time, is accepted without a quiver by audiences now too thoroughly entertained to be critical of anything. All they ask is to watch Miss Abba and Mr. Halliday go through their characteristically Russian love scenes and the other iridescent episodes of their new experiences. She and her husband put the late Czar's four billion francs into the Bank of France and they themselves, as the husband puts it, "starve with quiet dignity." The audience accepts it all. It even accepts, after one bewildered stare, the scene in which the refugees finally turn over the billions to a Russian Soviet representative. We know that this can hardly have been the late Czar's plan, but nobody cares.

The play's the thing, and the play is enchanting. It makes us laugh. It brings tears to our eyes. It warms the cockles of our hearts. What more can we ask of any play? After which reflection it is time to mention that *Tovarich* (meaning "comrade") was originally written by Jacques Deval, and has been admirably translated from the French by Robert Sherwood. The company could hardly be better, and Gilbert Miller's inspired direction has put all the players up on their toes.

I can maintain a note of high approval in discussing *Stage Door*, another new comedy in which George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber tell us some of the things they know about stage-struck girls. Sam H. Harris is producing this offering at the Music Box. It is a thoroughly workman-like and engaging piece, and if it lacks the subtle charm of the French comedy it makes up for this by showing us a recognizable cross-section of a life and types we know a lot more about than we do about the Russian nobility. *Stage Door* has plenty of good comedy and excellent characterization. Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman are keen and accurate observers. They have, also deeply serious moments. They are greatly disturbed by Hollywood's influence on our gifted young players and playwrights. Hollywood, they are sure, is destroying these young things, body and soul. One infers that the only reason Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman escaped being destroyed when they were there is because they were wiser than most.

Their background is especially effective. They show us a lodging-house filled with different types of stage-struck girls, and they give us a good old-fashioned moral by making the girl who is ready to work and sacrifice win out over the girl who chooses the glamorous Hollywood way. Margaret Sullivan, who mysteriously spells her

last name with two a's, does capital acting as the girl who wins out, and indeed the acting of the entire company is so good that no audience will believe such talent is as fragile as the playwrights imply. Miss Lee Patrick is especially appealing as a deliverer of "wise-cracks." *Stage Door* is one of the season's successes.

Daughters of Atreus, written by Robert Turney and produced by Delos Chappell at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, was as depressing as we knew it would be, and its life was brief. It has left us with a memory of some excellent acting by Maria Ouspenskaya as the nurse, and of a superb stage setting by Jo Mielziner.

Several seasons ago we had in New York a highly unpleasant and very popular play called *Sailor Beware*. In it one character asked another: "Aren't you interested in any subject but sex?" The come-back was immediate. "Is there any other subject?"

That is obviously the philosophy of Kenyon Nicholson and Charles Robinson. On it they wrote *Sailor Beware*. On it they have just built another farce, *Swing Your Lady*, which Milton Shubert is producing at the Booth Theatre. It is the sort of rowdy offering these playwrights would make of a love affair between a woman blacksmith and a Greek wrestler. The acting of the company is worthy of a far better play. In situations and dialog, however, *Swing Your Lady* strikes a new low in vulgarity.

There can hardly be too many plays protesting against war, but they should be effective plays with plots vital enough to carry their propaganda. Mr. Sidney Kingsley's new drama, *Ten Million Ghosts*, directed and produced by the author at the St. James Theatre, did not meet that standard. This was disappointing, for Mr. Kingsley is the author of *Dead End* and *Men In White*, two big successes of past seasons, and we all expected something unusually good in his new play. Moreover, Mr. Kingsley had no excuse for not giving us something unusually good. He was in a situation which is the playwright's dream of paradise. He himself directed and produced his play. There was no one to argue with him, no one to interfere, no one to get on his nerves by lightly demanding that he re-write the drama during rehearsals.

With all this to inspire him, what did he give us? A rambling, discursive treatise on the evils of war, true enough, of course, but as dull as it was true. He held up to our scorn and loathing all the familiar types of war profiteers and hypocritical patriots. Presented as a lecture his lines would have been logical, impressive, convincing. Presented as a play they buried their author and their players.

A month or two ago, in setting forth the brave list of plays to come, so many of which seemed so promising, I disconsolately predicted that the great majority of them would pass away before our first snowfall. They are doing it. The latest casualties are *Daughters Of Atreus*, *White Man*, *Ruddigore*, *Plumes In The Dust*, and *Love From A Stranger*. The producers of the play last named insist that it goes off the stage only long enough for satisfactory revision. I am inclined to believe this. The third act of the drama was one of the best written and best-acted in town. The first two acts approached it too deliberately, without suspense and without drama. If the author-star can add a bit of both to these acts, and if he can give us a cumulative interest that will lead logically to his big third act, he will have a winner in New York as he had in London. Over there, they accepted the deliberate unfolding of the story with British philosophy, knowing they were in for a continuous thrill throughout the third act. Here we simply must have two or three thrills in every act of a melodrama, or we pick up our toys and go home.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH. This is, unquestionably, the finest thing yet done in technicolored films and one of the most impressive offerings, all around, of a prodigious season. Given a richly imaginative production, full of both visual and atmospheric color, the Robert Hichens story has gained in brilliance; and through the admirable playing of the cast, notably of Charles Boyer, it has more the sound of truth than formerly. In previous versions, the motivation of the runaway monk was a bit cloudy, obscured by an undue emphasis on the sensational, but under Mr. Boyer's superb treatment his breach of conduct becomes understandable without losing its enormity. The plot must be rather too well known by now not to have demanded this revitalization of mood and character. When Boris Androvsky flees his monastery in the desert and meets Dominic, an intensely spiritual pilgrim of happiness, they complement each other in a paradoxical love. But consciousness of sin dilutes his happiness and when his secret is exposed, the lovers part with superb resignation and Boris returns to a cloistered life. His sincerity and the violence of his inner struggle make the monk truly tragic rather than sordid and the final renunciation is both logical and emotionally satisfying. The direction of Richard Boleslawski is intuitively apt, marked by the restraint the story cries out for. Boyer, in an exacting role, is at his best since *La Bataille* and Marlene Dietrich plays with beautiful sincerity. The film is far beyond young audiences but it can be recommended to adults as screen fare of the first importance. In the supporting cast are Basil Rathbone, Joseph Schildkraut, and Tilly Losch, who attend admirably to the acting of the minor roles. (United Artists)

MAKE WAY FOR A LADY. Yet another treatment of the resourceful adolescent who attempts to solve the problems of her elders, this film manages to be quietly amusing in spite of a dragging action. Ann Shirley is the romantic young girl who decides to save her father from a lonely old age by choosing a wife for him. She selects the wrong woman, thereby proving the unreliability of feminine intuition. In the end, however, the publisher finds true love right under his daughter's nose in the person of her teacher. Herbert Marshall lends his mature charm to the slight role of the father and Gertrude Michael plays opposite him in agreeable fashion. (RKO)

FLYING HOSTESS. Once aware of the difficulty with which our heroine qualified for the job of airline hostess, you can guess that she will justify someone's faith in her by rising nobly to the first emergency. Her opportunity comes when a couple of escaped convicts appear among her passengers and proceed to knock out the pilots. The hostess pilots the plane to safety by following a radio beam from the airport. William Gargan, Judith Barrett and William Hall are involved in this air-minded melodrama which is pleasantly sprinkled with romance and moments of real excitement. (Universal)

THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN. This is merely program entertainment, momentarily enlivened by the comic resources of Helen Broderick and Eric Blore. It discovers Gene Raymond playing what is known to the tabloids as "the scion of a wealthy family" who masquerades as a model to win the affections of a working girl. Ann Sothern is the lady of his choice. There is little novelty in this film and the saving touches of humor are too infrequent to do any more than slightly break the fall of the production. As far as it goes, it is adult entertainment. (RKO) THOMAS J. FITZMORRIS

EVENTS

UNFORESEEN catenations were loosed by objects tossed in the air. . . . A pedestrian on a dark bridge remembering the poetic lines how kind words thrown in the air are oft moving forces, threw kind words at a man about to dive into swirling waters below. The near-suicide moved back off the bridge railing, robbed the pedestrian. . . . An Eastern poet threw a lighted cigarette into the kitchen air. It floated down gracefully into a can of gasoline; proved to be a moving force. First moved the poet, out the blazing window. Fire engines moved, one into an electric pole. An auto, swerving from the engine, crashed into another pole. The town lights passed out. The town linesman was shocked. . . . New social phenomena emerged. . . . Dogs started going to dentists. . . . One canine had a gold tooth inserted in his mouth; another was equipped with bridgework strong enough to gnaw tough bones. . . . Goat fanciers launched a movement to raise the social plane of the goat. The present attitude of the American public toward the goat was described as snobbish. . . . Colorful figures popped up. . . . A Northwestern Noah standing in tin armor on the deck of his ark, pleaded with the people to eat raw potatoes, thus escape the coming deluge. . . . A young girl entered twelve alley cats of unknown ancestry in an ultra-fashionable cat show. . . . Improvement in crime detection methods continued. . . . In the East a thief was caught by teeth marks left in a piece of cheese. . . .

The artistic restraint revealed in the diary of Sitting Bull pleased litterateurs. In this literary effort, Mr. Bull, working in the difficult medium of picture-writing, remained reticent on the topic of scalplings. . . . Regrettable incidents saddened foreign affairs. . . . At a packed meeting of tramway workers in Moscow, the chairs unexpectedly collapsed, giving each worker the floor. The chair-factory head was put on trial, charged with "social sabotage." . . . Hitler announced: "No more babies' balloons. Rubber is needed for rearmament." . . . Will the world ever hear this announcement: "No more armament. Rubber is needed for babies' balloons"? . . . A visitor from the outside universe coming to earth now would be greatly mystified. He would hear one adult-group shouting: "No more babies"; another: "Babies, give up your balloons so we can shoot more papas." . . . Two Irishmen left Ireland to fight for the Spanish Insurgents. They will be concentrated before Madrid. With two, full-grown Irishmen in his army, it was generally believed Franco would now be strong enough to take the capital. . . . Postmaster Farley's arrival in Ireland aroused expectations of newspaper headlines: "Farley predicts De Valera will carry everything but Louth and Leitrim." "As Mayo goes, so goes Sligo." . . . Farley's kissing of the blarney stone was interpreted as preparation for his campaign to win the Governorship of New York. . . . Confidence in the big-heartedness of employers was growing. . . . Mexican workers demanded ten-week vacations, with pay, and travelling expenses.

The old controversy—who was responsible for their success, Gilbert or Sullivan—was again resurrected. The answer would seem to be that Gilbert and Sullivan were, artistically, Siamese twins. Neither could get along without the other. . . . On the 400th anniversary of Erasmus, Episcopal Bishop Manning said: "If the ideal of Erasmus had prevailed the needed religious reformation would have been accomplished without destroying that visible unity of the Holy Catholic Church which many of us are now praying may be restored." . . . The visible unity of the Catholic Church never was destroyed. It would, however, be a heartening thing to behold Bishop Manning and his coreligionists returning to that unity.

THE PARADER